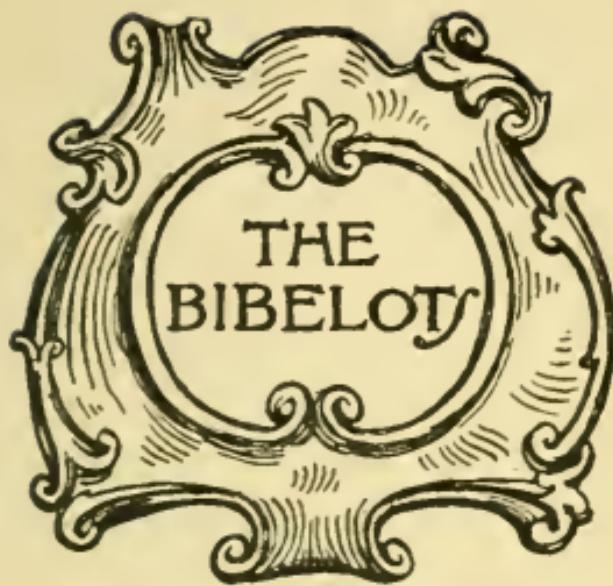


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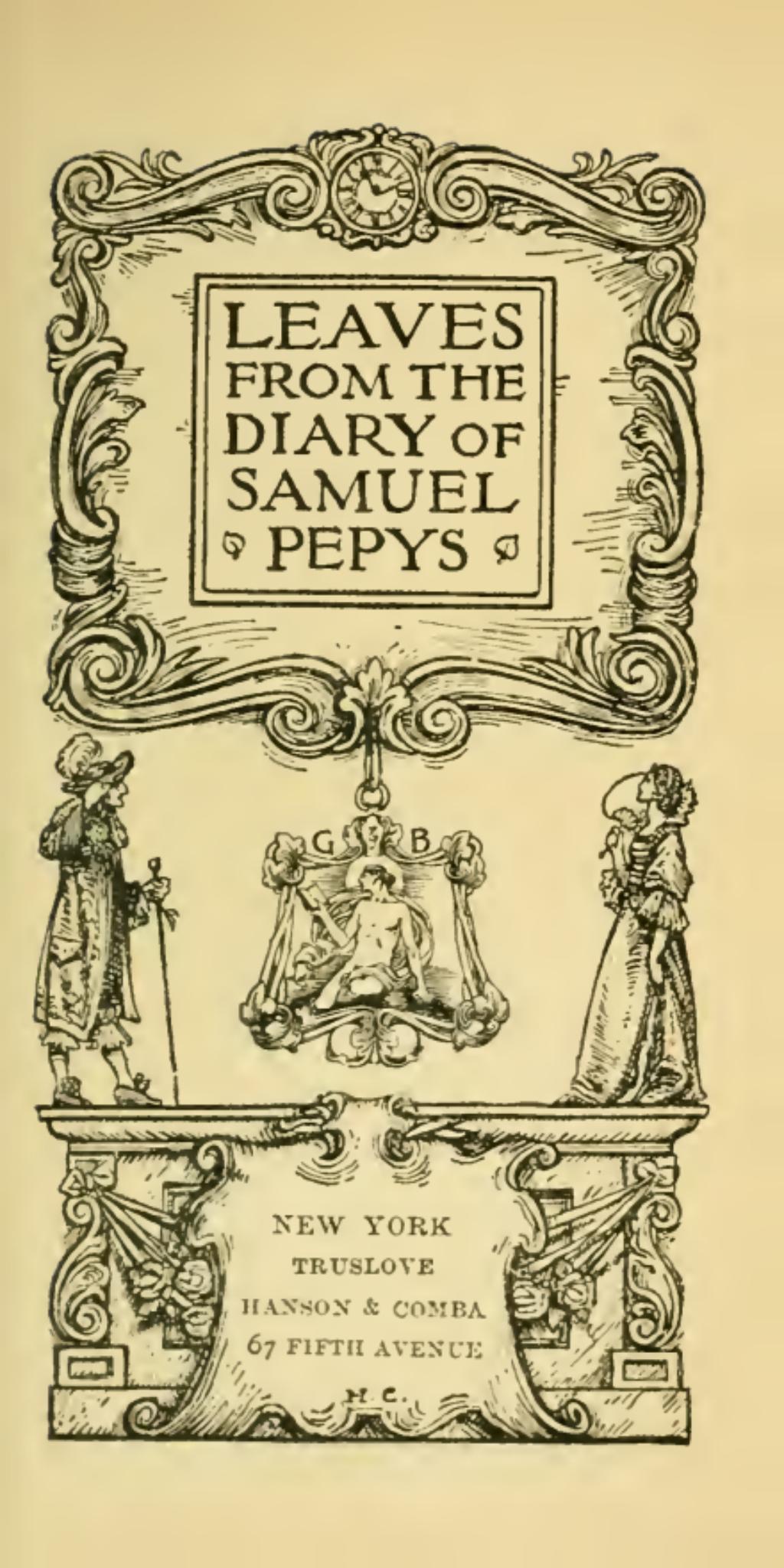


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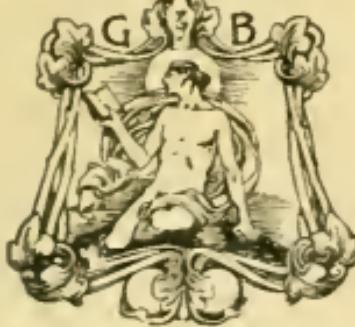




B. P. B.
1818.



LEAVES
FROM THE
DIARY OF
SAMUEL
PEPYS



NEW YORK
TRUSLOVE
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67 FIFTH AVENUE

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INTRODUCTION

THE famous diarist, Samuel Pepys, was born on February 23, 1632-3, and died May 26, 1703, having lived during an eventful period in English history, in which he played a not unimportant part. The place of his birth was either Brampton in Huntingdonshire, or London: authorities do not agree on this point. His father, John Pepys, was descended from an old Cambridgeshire family, and carried on the business of a tailor in London. Samuel was one of a family of eleven children. His mother died in 1667, and his father in 1680.

As a child, Samuel was boarded out at Hackney and Kingsland. He was educated at Huntingdon, and at St. Paul's School, London. Young Pepys entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, on June 21, 1650, and early in the following year became a sizar at Magdalene College of the same University. He took his B.A. degree in 1653 and his M.A.

seven years later. In the interval between taking his degrees, Pepys married—December 1, 1655—a pretty Huguenot girl of fifteen summers, named Elizabeth St. Michel. Shortly after this event, Pepys devoted himself to the business of Sir Edward Montagu, his father's first cousin, who was frequently out of town; and in June 1659 proceeded with his patron on the expedition to the Sound. He subsequently became a clerk to Sir George Downing, one of the tellers of the Exchequer.

The *Diary* was begun on January 1, 1659, when Pepys, his wife, and a maid lived in Axe Yard, Westminster, upon a salary of fifty pounds a year. During the same month Pepys, now about twenty-seven years of age, was appointed a Clerk of the Council. In the following March he became secretary to Sir Edward Montagu, who had now assumed command of the fleet which brought Charles the Second to this country. As a reward for his services, Pepys was made Clerk of the Acts of the Navy, with a seat on the Navy Board, and a salary of £350 a year, less an allowance of £100 per annum to his predecessor in the office until the decease of that 'worthy, honest man,' about five years later. Acting in this capacity, Pepys resided in official chambers, now demolished, situated between Seething Lane and Crutched Friars. Pepys was 'mightily pleased' at his appoint-

ment as a Justice of the Peace at Michaelmas 1660, although he was 'wholly ignorant' of the duties required of him as a magistrate.

Pepys continued to advance in official and social position. During 1661-2 he became a younger brother of the Trinity House, and was given a position on the Tangier Commission. He was regarded as 'the life of the Navy Office.' In 1663-4, Pepys was appointed assistant to 'The Corporation of the Royal Fishing'; and a year later became treasurer of the Tangier Commission. Later in the same year, Pepys accepted the position of Surveyor-General of the Victualling Office.

The *Diary* reveals the characteristics and occupations of Pepys about the periods of the Plague and Fire.

Pepys ably defended the officials of the Navy, and was regarded by the Solicitor-General as the best speaker in the country. He was now 'the most important of the naval officials.'

Owing to failing eyesight, he abandoned the keeping of his *Diary*, a fact which is regretted. He made a trip to France and Holland, shortly after which his wife died —on November 10, 1669. Less than three years after, Pepys became 'Secretary for the Affairs of the Navy'; and on November 4, 1673, was elected M.P. He became Master of the Trinity House in 1676, and in

1677 Master of the Clothworkers' Company. Two years later—in 1679—Pepys was elected member for Harwich.

Pepys and Sir Anthony Deane were committed to the Tower, under the Speaker's warrant of May 22, 1679, on a false charge of furnishing information to the French Government respecting the English navy, and were honourably discharged, after great expenditure of money, on February 12, 1679-80. In the meantime he had lost his office.

Pepys recorded the story of the escape of Charles from Worcester from the lips of that king when at Newmarket. His star was soon in the ascendant. He received the appointment of Secretary to the Admiralty, at a salary of £500 a year, under Charles the Second, who acted as Lord High Admiral. After being an F.R.S. for about twenty years, Pepys became the President of the Royal Society in November 1684, and was re-elected at the close of his year's tenure of office. At the coronation of James the Second, Pepys was present in his capacity of a Baron of the Cinque Ports; and was again appointed 'First Master of the Trinity House' in 1685. In May of this year he was re-elected member for Harwich.

In 1689, Pepys was again charged with giving information to the French, and committed to the Gate House; but shortly after-

wards was permitted to return to his home, on the ground of bad health.

Pepys now returned to Clapham, where he died May 26, 1703, and was buried at St. Olave's, Hart Street, London. Both his fortune and his library of 3000 volumes were bequeathed to his nephew, John Jackson, who was the son of his sister Paulina. On the decease of Jackson the library was handed over to Magdalene College, Cambridge. Fifty volumes of his mss. are in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and other mss. are in private hands.

The manuscript of the *Diary* was housed at Magdalene until 1825. It consists of six volumes of shorthand—the system of Thomas Skelton—and is closely written. Portions were published in 1825, under the editorship of Lord Braybrooke. These portions were deciphered by Lord Grenville and an undergraduate named John Smith. The Braybrooke edition of the *Diary* has been frequently reprinted, but was superseded by the edition of Mr. Mynors Bright. The most complete edition is that of Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., the well-known and painstaking antiquarian writer.

It was not until 1884 that a suitable monument was erected in St. Olave's Church to the memory of the great diarist. This was designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield. At the ceremony of unveiling, an able address was

delivered by the Hon. J. Russell Lowell, the distinguished man of letters, at that time holding the position of Minister for the United States at the Court of St. James's.

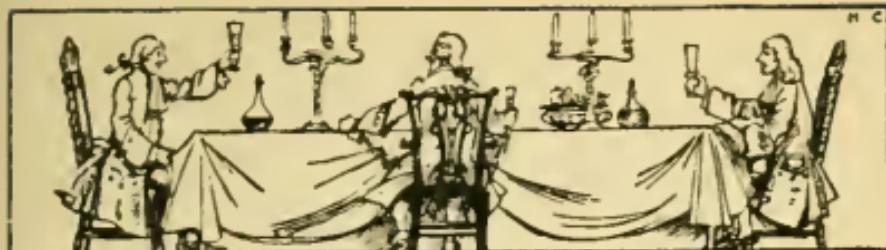
The characteristics of the famous diarist were so well set forth by Lord Jeffrey in *The Edinburgh Review*, that no apology is tendered for reproducing his words here:—
'Pepys seems to have been possessed of the most extraordinary activity, and the most indiscriminating, insatiable, and miscellaneous curiosity that ever prompted the researches, or supplied the pen, of a daily chronicler. He finds time to go to every play, to every execution, to every procession, fire, concert, row, trial, review, city feast, or picture gallery that he can hear of. Nay, there seems scarcely to have been a school examination, a wedding, christening, charity sermon, bull-baiting, philosophical meeting, or private merry-making in his neighbourhood at which he is not sure to make his appearance, and mindful to record all the particulars. He is the first to hear all the Court scandal and all the public news—to observe the changes of fashion and the downfall of parties—to pick up family gossip and to detail philosophical intelligence—to criticise every new house or carriage that is built—every new book or new beauty that appears—every measure the king adopts and every mistress he discards.'

A more thorough insight into the character of Pepys than that placed on record by Jeffrey is the estimate formed by Mr. Osmund Airy, editor of *The Lauderdale Letters*, in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He writes:—‘The importance of Pepys’ *Diary*, historically speaking, may be summed up by saying that without it the history of the Court of Charles the Second could not have been written. . . . Utterly destitute of imagination or political knowledge, Pepys could only record the sights and gossip that were evident to all. It is because he did record these, without hesitation or concealment, that from his *Diary* we can understand the brilliancy and wickedness of the Court, as well as the social state and daily life of the bourgeois class. Viewed in another light, it is unique as the record of a mind formed of inconsistencies. . . . Probity in word and integrity in office, along with self-confessed mendacity and fraud; modesty, with inordinate self-conceit; independence of mind, with the vulgarest striving after and exultation at the marks of respect which he receives as he rises in the world, and at little advantages gained over others; high-mindedness, with sordid spite; dignity, with buffoonery; strong common-sense, with great superstition; kindness, with brutality; the eager pursuit of money, with liberality in spending it,—such are a few of the more

obvious contrasts. He gained his reputation by fair means, and yet was willing enough to lie in order to increase it; he practised extreme respectability of deportment before the world, while he worshipped the most abandoned of Charles's mistresses, and now and again gave loose rein to his own very indifferent morals; and he combined with courage amid difficulties and devotion to duty in the face of almost certain death, a personal poltroonery to which few men would care to confess. The best tribute to him as a man is that in his later years Evelyn became his firm and intimate friend, and that he died amid universal respect.'

In this Bibelot an attempt has been made, for the first time, to bring together under specific subject-headings some of the many interesting phases of public and private life which are scattered throughout the *Diary*. These are arranged in chronological order, and the date is given at the foot of each excerpt. It is hoped and believed that this little publication will lead its readers to make a closer acquaintance with the *Diary* than hitherto.

J. P. B.



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LEAVES FROM PEPY'S DIARY

I

OBSERVANCES

Christenings. Christmas Eve. King's Evil. Marriage. Maundy Thursday. Good Friday. May Dew. St. Thomas's Day. Valentines.

CHRISTENINGS



OSE early, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket to give away to-day . . . to dinner at Sir William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's, where Sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan and Shipman godmothers to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber; but whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I

know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that eate wafers with her dog did a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10s. and the nurse 5s. and the maid of the house 2s. But for as much I expected to give the name to the childe, but did not (it being called John), I forbore then to give my plate.

May 29, 1661.

DINED at home, and then with my wife to the Wardrobe, where my Lady's child was christened (my Lord Crewe and his Lady, and my Lady Montagu, my Lord's mother-in-law, were the witnesses), and named Katherine (the Queen elect's name); but to my and all our trouble, the Parson of the parish christened her, and did not sign the child with the sign of the cross. After that was done, we had a very fine banquet.

September 3, 1661.

TO my Lord Crewe's. My Lord not being come home, I met and staid below with Captn. Ferrers, who was come to wait upon my Lady Jemimah to St. James's, she being one of the four ladies that hold up the mantle at the christening this afternoon of the Duke's child (a boy).

July 22, 1663.

TO Lovett's house, where I stood god-father. But it was pretty, that, being a Protestant, a man stood by and was my proxy to answer for me. A priest christened it, and the boy's name is Samuel. The ceremonies many, and some foolish. The priest in a gentleman's dress, more than my own: but is a Capuchin, one of the Queen-mother's priests. He did give my proxy and the woman proxy (my Lady Bills, absent, had a proxy also) good advice to bring up the child, and at the end that he ought never to marry the child nor the godmother, nor the godmother the child or the godfather: but, which is strange, they say the mother of the child and the godfather may marry. By and by the Lady Bills come in, a well-bred but crooked woman. The poor people of the house had good wine, and a good cake; and she a pretty woman in her lying-in dress. It cost me near 40s. the whole christening: to midwife 20s., nurse 10s., maid 2s. 6d., and the coach 5s.

October 18, 1666.

CHRISTMAS EVE

BY coach to St. James's, it being about six at night; my design being to see the ceremonys, this night being the eve of Christmas, at the Queene's chapel. I got in almost up to the rail, and with a great deal

of patience staid from nine at night to two in the morning in a very great crowd: and there expected but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high masse. The Queene was there, and some high ladies. All being done, I was sorry for my coming, and missing of what I expected; which was, to have had a child born and dressed there, and a great deal of do: but we broke up, and nothing like it done. And there I left people receiving the Sacrament: and the Queene gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemaine, who looked prettily in her night-clothes. And so took my coach, which waited; and drank some burnt wine at the Rose Tavern door while the constables came, and two or three bell-men went by, it being a fine light moonshine morning: and so home round the City.

December 24, 1667.

KING'S EVIL

TO my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy come to me, and there staid to see the King touch people for the King's evil. But he did not come at all, it rayned so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the banqueting-house.

June 23, 1660.

I WENT to the Banquet-house, and there saw the King heale, the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one.

April 13, 1661.

MARRIAGE

TO Sir W. Batten's to dinner, he having a couple of servants married to-day; and so there was a great number of merchants, and others of good quality on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, when dinner was done, we did, and I did give ten shillings and no more, though I believe most of the rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too.

November 15, 1660.

MAUNDY THURSDAY

MY wife had been to-day at White Hall to the Maundy, it being Maundy Thursday; but the King did not wash the poor people's feet himself, but the Bishop o London did it for him.

April 4, 1667.

GOOD FRIDAY

IT being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sopps and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent.

April 17, 1663.

MAY-DEW

MY wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little ayre and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it. I by water to Fox-hall, and there walked in Spring-garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant: and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all as one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and hear fiddles and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising.

May 28, 1667.

ST. THOMAS'S DAY

THEY told me that this is St. Thomas's, and that by an old custome, this day the Exchequer men had formerly, and do intend this night to have a supper; which if I could I promised to come to, but did not. To my Lady's, and dined with her.

December 21, 1660.

VALENTINES

MY wife to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat a while; he having yesterday sent my wife half-a-dozen pair of gloves,

and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her Valentines.

February 22, 1660-1.

THIS evening my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewells, encreased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey stone set with diamonds: and with this, and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewells of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with.

February 23, 1667-8.





II

DRESS

Baize. Breeches. Buckles. Buttons.
Camlet. Caps. Cassock. Cloaks. Coats.
Doublets. Embroidery. Ermine. Feathers.
Hair-dressings. Hats. Hoods. Jackanapes.
Lace. Mourning. Patches. Periwigs.
Petticoats. Ribbons. Sac. Sarcenet.
Shoes. Silk. Silver lace. Skirts. Stock-
ings. Surplice. Swords. Tabby dress and
suit. Trains. Tunics. Velvet. Vest.
Waist-clothes.

I ROSE, put on my suit with great skirts,
having not lately worn any other
clothes but them.

January 1, 1659-60.

TO church in the afternoon to Mr. Her-
ring, where a lazy poor sermon. This
day I began to put on buckles to my shoes.

January 22, 1659-60.

AFTER all this I went home on foot to lay up my money, and change my stockings and shoes. I this day left off my great skirt suit, and put on my white suit with silver lace coat.

February 2, 1659-60.

COMMISSIONER PETT was now come to take care to get all things ready for the King on board. My Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the King. Mr. Edw. Pickering coming from the King brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him, but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day, which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waist-cloathes out and silk pendants, but he did not come. This evening came Mr. John Pickering on board, like an asse, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague. My Lord very angry for his staying on shore, bidding me a little before to send for him, telling me that he was afraid that for his father's sake he might have some mischief done him, unless he used the General's name. This afternoon Mr. Edw. Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty

shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out.

May 16, 1660.

UP, and made myself as fine as I could, with the lining stockings on and wide canons that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. There dined with me in my cabbin (that is, the carpenter's) . . .

May 24, 1660.

THIS morning come home my fine Camlett cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.

July 1, 1660.

THIS morning my brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this day will be lost; the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the City to-day with great pomp.

July 5, 1660.

THIS day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodins's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring House with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest.

July 10, 1660.

UP early, the first day that I put on my black camlett coat with silver buttons.

July 13, 1660.

TO the Privy Seale, and thence to my Lord's, where Mr. Pin the taylor, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coat.

August 14, 1660.

THIS night W. Hewer brought me home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had.

August 25, 1660.

CALLED at my father's going home, and bespoke mourning for myself, for the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

September 15, 1660.

THENCE to White Hall garden, where I saw the King in purple mourning for his brother.

September 16, 1660.

I BOUGHT a pair of short black stockings, to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning; and I met with The. Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go into mourning too for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in towne. This day Mr. Edw. Pickering is come from my Lord, and says that he left him well in Holland, and that he will be here within three or four days.

September 22, 1660

TO White Hall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloake for a short one (long cloakes being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one.

October 7, 1660.

I DINED with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cooke, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child to wear black patches.

October 20, 1660.

AFTER dinner to Westminster, where I went to my Lord's, and, having spoken with him, I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to weare a black patch.

November 4, 1660.

THE Princesse Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation ; and her dressing of herself with her haire frized short up to her eares, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she.

November 22, 1660.

THE King's going from the Tower to White Hall. Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flagmaker, in Corne-hill ; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses

and horses-clothes. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarquable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitane. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a Company of men all like Turkes; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. In the evening, by water to White Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord.

He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery.

April 22, 1661.

IN my black silk suit (the first day I have put it on this year) to my Lord Mayor's by coach, with a great deal of honourable company, and great entertainment.

May 23, 1661.

IAM forced to go to Worcester House, where severall Lords are met in Council this afternoon. And while I am waiting there, in comes the King in a plain common riding-suit and velvet cap, in which he seemed a very ordinary man to one that had not known him.

August 19, 1661.

THIS day I put on my half cloth black stockings and my new coate of the fashion, which pleases me well, and with my beaver I was (after office was done) ready to go to my Lord Mayor's feast, as we are all invited; but the Sir Williams were both loth to go, because of the crowd, and so none of us went. This Lord Mayor, it seems, brings up again the custom of Lord Mayors going the day of their instalment to Paul's, and walking round about the Crosse, and offering something at the altar.

October 29, 1661.

BY and by comes La Belle Pierce to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of peruques of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear ; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them.

March 24, 1662.

WITH my wife, by coach, to the New Exchange, to buy her some things ; where we saw some new-fashion petticoats of sarcenett, with a black broad lace printed round the bottom and before, very handsome, and my wife had a mind to one of them.

April 15, 1662.

IN the afternoon to White Hall ; and there walked an hour or two in the Parke, where I saw the King now out of mourning, in a suit laced with gold and silver, which it is said was out of fashion. Thence to the Wardrobe ; and there consulted with the ladies about going to Hampton Court to-morrow.

May 11, 1662.

TRIED on my riding cloth suit with close knees, the first that ever I had, and I think they will be very convenient.

June 12, 1662.

PUT on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expence shall be lace-bands, and it will set off any thing else the more.

October 19, 1662.

PUT on my new Seallop, which is very fine. To church, and there saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his eares in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpitt, to preach without it.

October 26, 1662.

PUT on a black cloth suit, with white lynings under all, as the fashion is to wear, to appear under the breeches.

May 10, 1663.

HEARING that the King and Queene are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Parke, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoate, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*) mighty pretty; and

the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she light, did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys, and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

July 13, 1663.

AFTER dinner I put on my new camelott suit; the best that ever I wore in my life, the suit costing me above £24. In this I went with Creed to Goldsmiths' Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner; which Hall, and Haberdashers' also, was so full of people, that we were fain for ease and coolness to go forth to Pater Noster Row, to choose a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit.

June 1, 1665.

TO Hampton Court, where I saw the King and Queene set out towards Salisbury, and after them the Duke and Duchesse, whose hands I did kiss. And it was the first time I did ever, or did see any body else, kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand. But it was pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribbands, and with laced bands, just like men. Only the Duchesse herself it did not become.

July 27, 1665.

UP; and very betimes by six o'cloek at Deptford, and there find Sir G. Carteret, and my Lady ready to go: I being in my new coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine.

July 31, 1665.

UP; and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague.

September 3, 1665.

THIS morning, hearing that the Queene grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloak, till I see whether she lives or dies.

October 22, 1665.

TO my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760 and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about £12 and for myself £55, or thereabouts: having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved, henceforward to go like myself. And also two periwiggs, one whereof costs

me £3 and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing.

October 30, 1663.

I HEARD the Duke say that he was going to wear a perriwigg; and they say the King also will. I never till this day observed that the King is mighty gray.

November 2, 1663.

TO church, where I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me.

November 8, 1663.

TO the Duke, where, when we come into his closet, he told us that Mr. Pepys was so altered with his new perriwigg that he did not know him.

November 9, 1663.

THIS morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago.

November 29, 1663.

I DID give my wife's brother 10s. and a coat that I had by me, a close-bodied, light-coloured cloth coat, with a gold edgeing in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best pettycoat that she had when I married her. He is going into Holland to seek his fortune.

February 10, 1663-4.

TO White Hall, to the Duke: where he first put on a periwig to-day: but methought his hair cut short in order thereto did look very prettily of itself, before he put on his periwig.

February 15, 1663-4.

THENCE with him to the Park, and there met the Queene coming from Chapell, with her Maids of Honour, all in silver-lace gowns again; which is new to me, and that which I did not think would have been brought up again.

June 24, 1664.

PUT on my new shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and loop lace.

November 11, 1664.

WITH Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, and there did our business with the Duke. Great preparations for his speedy return to sea. I saw him try on his buff coat and hat-

piece covered with black velvet. It troubles me more to think of his venture, than of any thing else in the whole warr.

March 6, 1664-5.

THIS day my wife begun to wear light-coloured locks, quite white almost, which, though it makes her look very pretty, yet not being natural, vexes me, that I will not have her wear them.

March 13, 1664-5.

TO church, it being Whit-sunday; my wife very fine in a new yellow bird's-eye hood, as the fashion is now.

May 14, 1665.

UP; and put on a new black cloth suit to an old coat that I make to be in mourning at Court, where they are all, for the King of Spain. I to the Park.

February 11, 1665-6.

WALKING in the galleries at White Hall, I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with perriwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odde sight, and a sight did not

please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus.

June 11, 1666.

MY wife tells me she hath bought a gown of 15s. per yard; the same, before her face, my Lady Castlemaine this day bought also.

September 26, 1666.

THE King hath yesterday in Council declared his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good.

October 8, 1666.

THIS day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassock close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg: and upon the whole I wish the King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment. Lady Carteret tells me ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is, to wear short coats, above their ancles; which she and I do not like; but conclude this long trayne to be mighty graceful.

October 15, 1666.

TO Mrs. Pierce's, where she was making herself mighty fine to go to a great ball to-night at Court, being the Queene's birth-day ; so the ladies for this one day wear laces, but are to put them off again to-morrow.

October 25, 1666.

THE King and Lords themselves wear but a cloak of Colchester bayze, and the ladies mantles in cold weather of white flannell.

February 24, 1666-7.

TO a periwig-maker's and there bought two periwigs, mighty fine indeed ; too fine, I thought, for me ; but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4 10s. the two.

March 29, 1667.

MET my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet : herself (whom I never saw before), as I have heard her often described (for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies), with her velvet-cap, her hair about her ears ; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth ; naked-breasted, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps. She seemed to me a very comely woman : but I hope to see more of her on May-day.

April 26, 1667.

UP, and put on my new tunique of vell-vett; which is very plain, but good.

October 20, 1667.

TO White Hall, where I saw the Duchesse of York (in a fine dress of second mourning for her mother, being black edged with ermin) go to make her first visit to the Queene since the Duke of York's being sick; and by and by she being returned, the Queene came and visited her.

December 8, 1667.

THIS day I got a little rent in my new fine camlett cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me.

December 30, 1667.

MY wife extraordinary fine to-day in her flower tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day: and every body in love with it; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it.

March 26, 1668.

THIS day in the afternoon, stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained; and I was forced to lend

the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the Park. *April 6, 1668.*

UP, and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt according to the new fashion, and the hands of my vest and tunique laced with silk-lace of the colour of my suit: and so very handsome to church.

May 17, 1668.

UP, and put on a new summer black bombazin suit; and being come now to an agreement with my barber to keep my perriwig in good order at 20s. a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. *May 30, 1668.*

TO St. James's: and by and by comes Monsieur Colbert the French Ambassador, to make his first visit to the Duke of York, and then to the Duchesse. And I saw it: a silly piece of ceremony, he saying only a few formal words. A comely man, and in a black suit and cloak of silk: which is a strange fashion now it hath been so long left off. *August 21, 1668.*

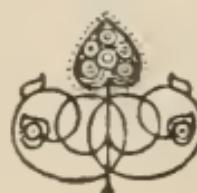
MY wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac, which becomes her very well. *March 2, 1668-9.*

AND so to other places, among others, to my tailor's; and then to the belt-maker's, where my belt cost me 55s. of the colour of my new suit. . . . So to the cutler's, and there did give Tom, who was with me all day, a sword cost me 12s. and a belt of my owne; and sent my own silver-hilt sword agilding against to-morrow.

April 30, 1669.

UP betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day.

May 1, 1669.





III

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Bowling. Boxing. Bull-baiting. Cock-fighting. Dancing. Duelling. Fencing. Fishing in Winter. Foot-racing. Handicap. Hunting. Nine-pins. Pall-mall. Skating. Tennis.

BOWLS

UP early, and bated at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being here. Here very merry, and played with our wives at bowles.

May 1, 1661.

THIS afternoon I went to Westminster. . . . Thence to . . . the Bowling-ally (where lords and ladies are now at bowles), in brave condition.

July 26, 1662.
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BOXING

A BROAD, and stopped at Bear-garden stairs, there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit, where the bears are baited ; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord ! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him ; and there they all fell to it, to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the battle broke up, and so I away.

May 27, 1667.

TO the Bear-garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in. I got into the common pit ; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker,

was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there.

September 9, 1667.

BY water to the Bear-garden, and there happened to sit by Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who is still full of his vain-glorious and prophane talk. Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country-fellow, one Warrel, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw; and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to White Hall, mightily pleased all of us with this sight, and particularly this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting.

April 12, 1669.

BULL-BAITING

AFTER dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-garden; where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs: one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a

great many hectors in the same box with us (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright), till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry.

Thanksgiving Day, Aug. 14, 1666.

CARDS

MY Lord, the Captain, and I supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more respect than ever he did yet. After supper, my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but I not knowing cribbage, we fell into discourse of many things, and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

May 15, 1660.

PUT on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is, that I am resolved my great expence shall be lace-bands, and it will set off any thing else the more.

October 19, 1662.

PUT on my new Seallop, which is very fine. To church, and there saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his eares in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpitt, to preach without it.

October 26, 1662.

PUT on a black cloth suit, with white lynnings under all, as the fashion is to wear, to appear under the breeches.

May 10, 1663.

HEARING that the King and Queene are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Parke, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoate and a crimson short petticoate, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*) mighty pretty; and

the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she light, did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy: nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys, and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

July 13, 1663.

AFTER dinner I put on my new camelott suit ; the best that ever I wore in my life, the suit costing me above £24. In this I went with Creed to Goldsmiths' Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner ; which Hall, and Haberdashers' also, was so full of people, that we were fain for ease and coolness to go forth to Pater Noster Row, to choose a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit.

June 1, 1665.

TO Hampton Court, where I saw the King and Queene set out towards Salisbury, and after them the Duke and Duchesse, whose hands I did kiss. And it was the first time I did ever, or did see any body else, kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand. But it was pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribbands, and with laced bands, just like men. Only the Duchesse herself it did not become.

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July 31, 1665.

UP; and put on my coloured silk suit very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague.

September 3, 1665.

THIS morning, hearing that the Queene grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloak, till I see whether she lives or dies.

October 22, 1665.

TO my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760 and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about £12 and for myself £55, or thereabouts: having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved, henceforward to go like myself. And also two periwiggs, one whereof costs

me £3 and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing.

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THIS day in the afternoon, stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained; and I was forced to lend

the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the Park. *April 6, 1668.*

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TO St. James's: and by and by comes Monsieur Colbert the French Ambassador, to make his first visit to the Duke of York, and then to the Duchesse. And I saw it: a silly piece of ceremony, he saying only a few formal words. A comely man, and in a black suit and cloak of silk; which is a strange fashion now it hath been so long left off. *August 21, 1668.*

MY wife this day put on first her French gown, called a Sac, which becomes her very well. *March 2, 1668-9.*

AND so to other places, among others, to my tailor's; and then to the belt-maker's, where my belt cost me 55s. of the colour of my new suit. . . . So to the cutler's, and there did give Tom, who was with me all day, a sword cost me 12s. and a belt of my owne; and sent my own silver-hilt sword agilding against to-morrow.

April 30, 1669.

UP betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day.

May 1, 1669.





III

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Bowling. Boxing. Bull-baiting. Cock-fighting. Dancing. Duelling. Fencing. Fishing in Winter. Foot-racing. Handicap. Hunting. Nine-pins. Pall-mall. Skating. Tennis.

BOWLS



P early, and bated at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being here. Here very merry, and played with our wives at bowles.

May 1, 1661.

THIS afternoon I went to Westminster. . . . Thence to . . . the Bowling-ally (where lords and ladies are now at bowles), in brave condition.

July 26, 1662.
29

BOXING

A BROAD, and stopped at Bear-garden stairs, there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit, where the bears are baited ; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord ! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him ; and there they all fell to it, to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the battle broke up, and so I away.

May 27, 1667.

TO the Bear-garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in. I got into the common pit ; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker,

was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off : his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there.

September 9, 1667.

BY water to the Bear-garden, and there happened to sit by Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who is still full of his vain-glorious and prophane talk. Here we saw a prize fought between a soldier and a country-fellow, one Warrel, who promised the least in his looks, and performed the most of valour in his boldness and evenness of mind, and smiles in all he did, that ever I saw ; and we were all both deceived and infinitely taken with him. He did soundly beat the soldier, and cut him over the head. Thence back to White Hall, mightily pleased all of us with this sight, and particularly this fellow, as a most extraordinary man for his temper and evenness in fighting.

April 12, 1669.

BULL-BAITING

AFTER dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-garden ; where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs : one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a

great many hectors in the same box with us (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright), till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry.

Thanksgiving Day, Aug. 14, 1666.

CARDS

MY Lord, the Captain, and I supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more respect than ever he did yet. After supper, my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but I not knowing cribbage, we fell into discourse of many things, and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

May 15; 1660.

COCK-FIGHTING

TO Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there, a spot I was never at in my life: but Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament-man (by name Wildes, that was Deputy Governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor) to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it. It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle, so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting.

December 21, 1663.

DANCING

M R. POVY and I to White Hall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchesse at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queene, the Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchesse of

York; and the Duke, the Duchesse of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies: and they danced the Brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,' the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queene herself, stand up: and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

December 31, 1662.

UPSTAIRS we went, and then fell into dancing (W. Batelier dancing well), and dressing him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with my wife come over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jigg; and Nan Wright

and my wife and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry ; and then parted, and to bed.

August 14, 1666.

TO Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queene's birthday. I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queene and all the ladies sat : and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more (only the Queene none) ; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queene, and about fourteen more couple there was, and begun the Bransles. As many of the men as I can remember presently, were, the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Douglas, Mr. Hamilton, Colonell Russell, Mr. Griffith, Lord Ossory, Lord Rochester ; and of the ladies, the

Queene, Duchesse of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchesse of Monmouth, Lady Essex Howard, Mrs. Temple, Swedes Embassadresse, Lady Arlington, Lord George Barkeley's daughter, and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and dyamonds and pearls. After the Bransles, then to a Corant, and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the Corants grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty. But upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing of itself was not extraordinary pleasing. But the clothes and sight of the persons were indeed very pleasing, and worth my coming, being never likely to see more gallantry while I live, if I should come twenty times. Above twelve at night it broke up. My Lady Castlemaine (without whom all is nothing) being there very rich, though not dancing.

November 15, 1666.

FENCING

WALKED to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at. And here I come and saw the first prize I

ever saw in my life: and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood: and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three boutes at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest; and I felt one of the swords, and found it to be very little, if at all blunter on the edge, than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every boute.

June 1, 1663.

FISHING IN WINTER

AT the Coffee-house I went and sat by Mr. Harrington, and some East country merchants, and talking of the country above Quinsborough, and thereabouts, he told us himself that for fish, none there the poorest body will buy a dead fish, but must be alive, unless it be in the winter; and then they told us the manner of putting their nets into the water. Through holes made in the thick ice, they will spread a net of half a mile long; and he hath known a hundred and thirty and a hundred and seventy barrels of fish taken at one draught. And then the people come with sledges upon the ice, with snow

at the bottome, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow, and so carry them to market. And he hath seen when the said fish have been frozen in the sledge, so as he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been ; and yet the same fishes taken out of the snow, and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down. Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mudd from under water, hanging together to some twigg or other, dead in ropes, and brought to the fire will come to life. Fowl killed in December (Alderman Barker said) he did buy, and putting into the box under his sledge, did forget to take them out to eate till Aprill next, and they then were found there, and were through the frost as sweet and fresh and eat as well as at first killed. Young beares appear there ; their flesh sold in market as ordinarily as beef here, and is excellent sweet meat. They tell us that beares there do never hurt any body, but fly away from you, unless you pursue and set upon them ; but wolves do much mischief. Mr. Harrington told us how they do to get so much honey as they send abroad. They make hollow a great fir-tree, leaving only a small slitt down straight in one place, and this they close up again, only leave a little hole, and there the bees go in and fill the bodys of those trees as full of wax and honey as they can hold ;

and the inhabitants at times go and open the slit, and take what they please without killing the bees, and so let them live there still and make more.

December 11, 1663.

FOOT-RACING

WITH Mr. Moore and Creed to Hideparke by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the Park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my Lord Claypoole's footman.

August 10, 1660.

‘HANDYCAPP’

TO the Miter taverne in Wood-streete (a house of the greatest note in London), where I met W. Symons, and D. Scobell, and their wives, Mr. Samford Luellin, Chetwind, one Mr. Vivion, and Mr. White, formerly chaplain to the Lady Protectresse (and still so, and one they say that is likely to get my Lady Francesse for his wife). Here some of us fell to handycapp, a sport that I never knew before.

September 18, 1660.

HUNTING

TO Grayes-Inn walks, and there staid a good while; where I met with Ned Pickering, who told me what a great match of hunting of a stagg the King had yesterday;

and how the King tired all their horses, and come home with not above two or three able to keep pace with him.

August 11, 1661.

THE great entertainment and sport of the Duke of Corland, and the princes thereabouts, is hunting; which is not with dogs as we, but he appoints such a day, and summonses all the country-people as to a campagna; and by several companies gives every one their circuit, and they agree upon a place where the toyle is to be set; and so making fires every company as they go, they drive all the wild beasts, whether bears, wolves, foxes, swine, and stags, and roes, into the toyle; and there the great men have their stands in such and such places, and shoot at what they have a mind to, and that is their hunting. They are not very populous there, by reason that people marry women seldom till they are towards or above thirty; and men thirty or forty, or more oftentimes, years old. Against a public hunting the Duke sends that no wolves be killed by the people; and whatever harm they do, the Duke makes it good to the person that suffers it: as Mr. Harrington instanced in a house where he lodged, where a wolfe broke into a hog-stye, and bit three or four great pieces off of the back of the hog, before the house could come to help it; and the man of the

house told him that there were three or four wolves thereabouts that did them great hurt ; but it was no matter, for the Duke was to make it good to him, otherwise he would kill them.

December 11, 1663.

NINE-PINS

IN the evening for the first time, extraordinary good sport among the seamen, after my Lord had done playing at nine-pins.

April 23, 1660.

THEN into the Great Garden up to the Banqueting House ; and there by my Lord's glass we drew in the species very pretty. Afterwards to nine-pins, Creed and I playing against my Lord and Cooke.

May 27, 1663.

PALL MALL

TO St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele, the first time that ever I saw the sport. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and other company ; among others Mr. Delabar ; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwitt and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concerns, till I was ashamed to see it.

April 2, 1661.

AFTERWARDS to St. James's Park, seeing people play at Pell Mell ; where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, sware at one of his companions for suffering his man (a spruce blade) to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall.

January 4, 1663-4.

SKATING

TO my Lord Sandwich's, to Mr. Moore ; and then over the Parke (where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates, which is a very pretty art).

December 1, 1662.

TO the Duke, and followed him into the Parke, where, though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his scates, which I did not like, but he slides very well.

December 15, 1662.

TENNIS

WALKING through White Hall, I heard the King was gone to play at Tennis, so I down to the New Tennis Court, and saw him and Sir Arthur Slingsby play against my Lord of Suffolke and my Lord Chesterfield. The King beat three, and lost two sets, they all, and he particularly playing well, I thought.

December 28, 1663.

I WENT to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke against Bab. May and the elder Chichly ; where the King was, and Court ; and it seems they are the best players at tennis in the nation. But this puts me in mind of what I observed in the morning, that the King playing at tennis had a steele-yard carried to him ; and I was told it was to weigh him after he had done playing ; and at noon Mr. Ashburnham told me that it is only the King's curiosity, which he usually hath of weighing himself before and after his play, to see how much he loses in weight by playing ; and this day he lost $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

September 2, 1667.





IV

DUELLING

Montagu — Cholmely. Jermyn — Rawlins. Protected by armour. Fled. Bellasses — Porter. Dead of the duel! Buckingham — Shrewsbury. Sir W. Coventry challenges the Duke of Buckingham — committed to the Tower, and subsequently released.



R. PIERCE, the chyrurgeon, told me how Mr. Edward Montagu hath lately had a duell with Mr. Cholmely, that is first gentleman-usher to the Queene, and was a messenger to her from the King of Portugall, and is a fine gentleman; but had received many affronts from Mr. Montagu, and some unkindness from my Lord, upon his score (for which I am sorry). He proved too hard for Montagu, and drove him so far backward that he fell into a ditch, and dropt his sword, but with honour would take no advantage over him; but did give him his life: and the world says

Mr. Montagu did carry himself very poorly in the business, and hath lost his honour for ever with all people in it.

August 6, 1662.

AT the office ; and Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duell between Mr. Jermyn, nephew to my Lord St. Alban's, and Colonel Giles Rawlins, the latter of whom is killed, and the first mortally wounded, as it is thought. They fought against Captain Thomas Howard, my Lord Carlisle's brother, and another unknown ; who, they say, had armor on that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready, and are fled. But what is most strange, Howard sent one challenge before, but they could not meet till yesterday at the old Pall Mall at St. James's, and he would not to the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was ; nor do any body know. The Court is much concerned in this fray, and I am glad of it ; hoping that it will cause some good laws against it.

August 19, 1662.

CREED did tell us the story of the duell last night, in Covent-garden, between Sir H. Bellasses and Tom Porter. It is worth remembering the silliness of the quarrel, and is a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom

at present. They two dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's where it seems people to drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together: and Sir H. Bellasses talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, 'What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?' Sir H. Bellasses hearing it, said, 'No!' says he: 'I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine!'—'How?' says Tom Porter, 'strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!' with that Sir H. Bellasses did give him a box of the eare; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out, and meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellasses presently; for he knew, if he did not, they should be friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; which he would prevent, and desired Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellasses goes. By and by he is informed that Sir H. Bellasses's coach was coming: so Tom Porter went down out of the Coffee-house where he stayed for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellasses come out.

‘Why,’ says H. Bellasses, ‘you will not hurt me coming out—will you?’ ‘No,’ says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew: and H. Bellasses having drawn and flung away his scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready? The other answering him he was, they fell to fight, some of their acquaintance by. They wounded one another, and H. Bellasses so much that it is feared he will die: and finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him and bade him shift for himself; ‘for,’ says he, ‘Tom, thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done.’ And so whether he did fly or no I cannot tell; but Tom Porter showed H. Bellasses that he was wounded too: and they are both ill, but H. Bellasses to fear of life. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellasses a Parliament-man too, and both of them extraordinary friends!

July 29, 1667.

SIR HENRY BELLASSES is dead of the duell he fought about ten days ago with Tom Porter; and it is pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools that killed one another out of love.

August 8, 1667.

MUCH discourse of the duell yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side: and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good counsellors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress.

January 18, 1667-8.

LORD SHREWSBURY is likely to do well.

January 19, 1667-8.

THERE is a pardon passed to the Duke of Buckingham, my Lord of Shrewsbury and the rest, for the late duell and murder.

February 5, 1667-8.

AFTER dinner I to the Tower, where I find Sir W. Coventry with abundance of company with him; and after sitting awhile and hearing some merry discourse, and, among others, of Mr. Brouncker's being this day summoned to Sir William Morton, one of the Judges, to give in security for his good behaviour upon his words the other day to Sir John Morton, a Parliament-man, at White Hall, who had heretofore spoke very highly against Brouncker in the House, I away, and to Aldgate.

March 5, 1668-9.

MIGHTILY pleased with the news brought me to-night that the King and Duke of York are come back this afternoon, and no sooner come but a warrant was sent to the Tower for the releasing Sir W. Coventry: which do put me in some hopes that there may be in this absence some accommodation made between the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington.

March 20, 1668-9.

TO White Hall, in a scull; where to the Duke of York's dressing-room, and there met Harry Saville, and do understand that Sir W. Coventry is come to his house last night. I understand by Mr. Wren that his friends having by Secretary Trevor and

my Lord Keeper applied to the King upon his first coming home, and a promise made that he should be discharged this day, my Lord Arlington did anticipate them by sending a warrant presently for his discharge; which looks a little like kindness, or a desire of it; which God send! though I fear the contrary. However, my heart is glad that he is out.

March 21, 1668-9.





V

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

‘Loyal Subject.’ Kinaston, a boy actor. Lincoln’s Inn. ‘Beggars’ Bush.’ Moone. Women on the stage. ‘Argalus and Parthenia.’ ‘Changeling.’ Salsbury Court Theatre. ‘Queen’s Mask.’ Whitefriars’ Theatre. ‘The Bondman.’ Betterton the actor. ‘Love’s Mistress.’ Red Bull. ‘All’s Lost by Lust.’ Sir William Davenant’s Opera. ‘Siege of Rhodes.’ ‘Claracilla.’ ‘The Wits.’ ‘Jovial Crew.’ ‘Bartholomew Fair.’ ‘Rhodes.’ ‘Adventures of Five Hours.’ Col. Tuke, play-writer. ‘Hamlet.’ ‘Committee.’ Harris, the actor. Rival theatres. ‘Indian Queen.’ Tom Killigrew. ‘Rival Ladies.’ ‘Henry v.,’ by Lord Orrery. Orrery’s ‘Mustapha.’ Nell Gwynne. ‘Othello.’ ‘Love in a Tub.’ ‘Custom of the Country.’ ‘Every Man in his Humour.’ ‘English Princess, or Richard III.’ Miss Davis, dancer. Lady Newcastle’s ‘Humorous Lovers.’ Howard’s ‘Change of Crowns.’ ‘Silent Woman.’ Lord Orrery’s ‘Black Prince.’ ‘Catiline.’ ‘School of Compliments.’ ‘Henry iv.’ ‘Wildgoose

Chase.' Sir C. Sedley's 'Wandering Ladies.' 'Duke of Lorane.' 'Indian Emperor.' Sir R. Howard's 'Duke of Lerma.' 'Alblemanazar.' Jonson's 'Alchymist.' 'Virgin Martyr.' Beck Marshall. 'Discontented Colonel.' 'Impertinents.' Haynes, the dancer. 'Sea Voyage.' Sedley's 'Mulberry Garden.' 'Philaster.' Shirley's 'Hyde Park.' Lacy's 'M. Ragout.' 'Guardian.' 'Cutter of Coleman Street.' 'Usurper.' 'Unfortunate Lovers.' 'Catiline's Conspiracy.' 'Heiress.' 'Moor of Venice.' 'Island Princess.' 'Royal Shepherdess.' 'Faithful Shepherdess.' 'Lady's Trial.'



CAPTAIN FERRERS took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, 'The Loyall Subject,' where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life.

August 18, 1660.

M R. SHEPLEY and I to the new play-house near Lincoln's - Inn - Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's tennis-court), where the play of 'Beggars' Bush' was newly begun; and so we went in and saw it well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone, who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King,

and indeed it is the finest play-house, I believe, that ever was in England.

November 20, 1660.

TO the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggars' Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.

January 3, 1660-1.

TO the theatre, and there sat in the pitt among the company of fine ladys, &c. ; and the house was exceeding full, to see 'Argalus and Parthenia,' the first time that it hath been acted: and indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations, as all things else are.

January 31, 1660-1.

TO the Play-house, and there saw 'The Changeling,' the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich.

February 23, 1660-1.

TO White-fryars, and saw 'The Bondman' acted; an excellent play and well done. But above all that ever I saw, Beterton do the Bondman the best.

March 1, 1660-1.

AFTER dinner I went to the theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I do not know) that I went out again, and so to Salsbury Court, where the house as full as could be; and it seems it was a new play, 'The Queen's Maske,' wherein there are some good humours: among others, a good jeer to the old story of the Siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts in it.

March 2, 1660-1.

AFTER dinner I went to the theatre, and there saw 'Love's Mistress' done by them, which I do not like in some things as well as their acting in Salsbury Court.

March 11, 1661.

TO the Red Bull (where I had not been since plays come up again) up to the tireing-room, where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pitt, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called 'All's lost by Lust,' poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, in the

musique-room the boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his eares and beat him so, that it put the whole house in an uprore.

March 23, 1661.

WENT to Sir William Davenant's Opera ; this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of 'The Siege of Rhodes.' We staid a very great while for the King and Queen of Bohemia. And by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's haire, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened ; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuche, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage.

July 2, 1661.

I WENT to the theatre, and there I saw 'Claracilla' (the first time I ever saw it), well acted. But strange to see this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera begun ; and so will continue for a while, I believe.

July 4, 1661.

TO the Opera, which begins again to-day with 'The Witts,' never acted yet with scenes ; and the King and Duke and Duchesse

were there (who dined to-day with Sir H. Finch, reader at the Temple, in great state); and indeed it is a most excellent play, and admirable scenes.

August 15, 1661.

MY wife and I to the theatre, and there saw 'The Joviall Crew,' where the King, Duke and Duchesse, and Madame Palmer, were; and my wife, to her great content, had a full sight of them all the while.

August 27, 1661.

HAVING appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was 'Bartholomew Fayre,' with the puppet-showe, acted to day, which had not been these forty years, (it being so satyricall against puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it,) but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being, by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

September 7, 1661.

WITH my wife to the Opera, where we saw 'The Bondman,' which of old we both did so doate on, and do still ; though to both our thinking not so well acted here, (having too great expectations) as formerly at Salisbury-court. But for Beterton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world.

November 4, 1661.

WITH my wife to the Duke's Theatre, and saw the second part of 'Rhodes,' done with the new Roxalana ; which do it rather better in all respects for person, voice, and judgment, than the first Roxalana.

December 27, 1662.

TO the Cockpitt, where we saw 'Clara-cilla,' a poor play, done by the King's house ; but neither the King nor Queene were there, but only the Duke and Duchesse.

January 5, 1662-3.

DINED at home ; and there being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke, I did long to see it ; and so we went ; and though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety

and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall.

January 5, 1662-3.

BY water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw 'Hamlett' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid? but neither spoke, danced, nor sung; which I was sorry for.

May 28, 1663.

TO the Royal Theatre; and there saw 'The Committee,' a merry but indifferent play, only Lacey's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge, and his Lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad: but when the House began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife; among others, a vizard for herself.

June 12, 1663.

WOOTTEN tells me the reason of Harris's going from Sir Wm. Davenant's house is, that he grew very proud and

demanded £20 for himself extraordinary, more than Betterton or any body else, upon every new play, and £10 upon every revive which with other things Sir W. Davenant would not give him, and so he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of being received in the other House; but the King will not suffer it, upon Sir W. Davenant's desire that he would not, for then he might shut up house, and that is true. He tells me that his going is at present a great loss to the House, and that he fears he hath a stipend from the other House privately. He tells me that the fellow grew very proud of late, the King and every body else crying him up so high, and that above Betterton he being a more ayery man, as he is indeed. But yet Betterton, he says, they all say do act some parts that none but himself can do.

July 22, 1663.

CALLING at Wotton's, my shoemaker's, to-day, he tells me that Sir H. Wright is dying; and that Harris is come to the Duke's house again; and of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's. The story of Henry the Eighth with all his wives.

December 10, 1663.

TO the King's Theatre, and there saw 'The Indian Queen' acted; which indeed is a most pleasant show, and beyond

my expectation ; the play good, but spoiled with the ryme which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most, the eldest Marshall did do her part most excellently well as I ever heard woman in my life ; but her voice is not so sweet as Ianthe's ; but, however, we come home mightily contented.

February 1, 1663-4.

TO the King's play-house, and there saw 'Bartholomew Fayre' ; which do still please me ; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a nursery ; that is, is going to build a house in Moorefields, wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time : where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique, and everything as magnificent as is in Christendome ; and to that end hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy.

August 2, 1664.

TO a play at the King's house, 'The Rivall Ladys,' a very innocent and most pretty witty play. I was much pleased with it, and it being given me, I look upon

it as no breach of my oath. Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted the 'Alehymist,' wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his country-house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him.

August 4, 1664.

TO the new play, at the Duke's house, of 'Henry the Fifth'; a most noble play, writ by my Lord Orrery, wherein Betterton, Harris, and Ianthe's parts most incomparably wrote and done, and the whole play the most full of height and raptures of wit and sense, that ever I heard; having but one incongruity, that King Harry promises to plead for Tudor to their Mistress, Princesse Katherine of France, more than when it comes to it he seems to do; and Tudor refused by her with some kind of indignity, not with a difficulty and honour that it ought to have been done in to him.

August 13, 1664.

TO a play at the Duke's, of my Lord Orrery's, called 'Mustapha,' which being not good, made Betterton's part and Ianthe's but ordinary too. All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady

Castlemaine were there; and pretty witty Nell, at the King's house, and the younger Marshall sat next us; which pleased me mightily.

April 3, 1665.

TO Deptford by water, reading 'Othello, Moore of Venice,' which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read 'The Adventures of Five Houres,' it seems a mean thing.

August 20, 1666.

TO White Hall, and into the new play-house there, the first time I ever was there, and the first play I have seen since before the great plague. By and by Mr. Pierce comes, bringing my wife and his, and Knipp. By and by the King and Queen, Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ladies of the Court; which, indeed, was a fine sight. But the play, being 'Love in a Tub,' a silly play, and though done by the Duke's people, yet having neither Beterton nor his wife, and the whole thing done ill, and being ill also, I had no manner of pleasure in the play. Besides, the House, though very fine, yet bad for the voice, for hearing. The sight of the ladies indeed, was exceeding noble; and above all, my Lady Castlemaine. The play done by ten o'clock.

October 29, 1666.

A LONE to the King's house, and there saw 'The Custome of the Country,' the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst, having neither plot, language, nor any thing in the earth that is acceptable; only Knipp sings a song admirably. *January 2, 1666-7.*

READ a piece of a play, 'Every Man in his Humour,' wherein is the greatest propriety of speech that ever I read in my life; and so to bed. *February 9, 1666-7.*

TO Devonshire House, to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring. To the Duke's playhouse, and saw 'The English Princesse, or Richard the Third'; a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good, but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Miss Davis did dance a jigg after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play, so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and God knows, coals at a very great price.

March 7, 1666-7.

TO see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called 'The Humourous Lovers'; the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her.

March 30, 1667.

TO the King's house by chance, where
a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and Queene and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called 'The Change of Crownes'; a play of Ned Howard's, the best that I ever saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing every thing for money. The play took very much. Carried my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday; but there, contrary to expectation, I find 'The Silent Woman.'

April 15, 1667.

K NIPP tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone went

and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry ; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this 'Silent Woman,' as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays. Pierce told us the story how in good earnest the King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying, and Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again. As she tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life.

April 16, 1667.

MET Mr. Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house. That Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play, and being thence released to come to the King's house, he there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release ; upon which Lacy cursed him as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr. Howard did give him some reply : to which Lacy answered him, that he was more a fool than a poet ; upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove ; on which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others that discoursed of it in

the pit this afternoon, did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do any thing but complain to the King of it; so the whole house is silenced, and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent.

April 20, 1667.

TO the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw 'Mustapha'; which the more I see the more I like; and is a most admirable poem and bravely acted; only both Betterton and Harris could not contain from laughing in the midst of a most serious part, from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which I did not like.

September 4, 1667.

FULL of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, 'The Black Prince,' the first time it is acted; where though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4s. a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box came by and by behind me, my Lord Barkeley and his lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat. And this pleasure I had,

that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. The whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage.

October 19, 1667.

I MET Harris the player, and talked of 'Catiline,' which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house ; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enough : and Burt acts Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlet robes.

December 11, 1667.

TO the Nursery ; but the house did not act to-day ; and so I to the other two playhouses into the pit to gaze up and down : and there did by this means for nothing see an act in 'The Schoole of Compliments' at the Duke of York's house, and 'Henry the Fourth' at the King's house ; but not liking either of the plays, I took my coach again, and home.

January 7, 1667-8.

TO the King's house, to see 'The Wild-goose Chase.' In this play I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Knipp came and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she tells me how Miss Davis is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600: that the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him; and I am sorry for it, and can hope for no good to the State from having a Prince so devoted to his pleasure. She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the stage of Sir Charles Sedley's, which, she thinks, will be called 'The Wandering Ladys,' a comedy that she thinks will be most pleasant; and also another play, called 'The Duke of Lorane': besides 'Catiline,' which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while.

January 11, 1667-8.

THENCE by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, where my wife is; and there they fell to discourse of the last night's work at Court, where the ladies and Duke of Monmouth and others acted 'The Indian Emperour'; wherein they told me these things most remarkable: That not any

woman but the Duchesse of Monmouth and Mrs. Cornwallis did any thing but like fools and stocks, but that these two did do most extraordinarily well: that not any man did any thing well but Captain Olrigran, who spoke and did well, but above all things did dance most incomparably.

January 14, 1667-8.

DINED, and by one o'clock to the King's house: a new play, 'The Duke of Lerma,' of Sir Robert Howard's: where the King and Court was; and Knipp and Nell spoke the prologue most excellently, especially Knipp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard. The play designed to reproach our King with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it ended all well, which salved all.

February 20, 1667-8.

TO the Duke's playhouse, and there saw 'Alblemanazar,' an old play, this the second time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's 'Alchymist'; but, saving the ridiculousnesse of Angell's part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see any thing extraordinary in it, but was indeed wary of it before it was done. The King here; and indeed all of us pretty merry at the mimique tricks of Trinkilo.

February 22, 1667-8.

WITH my wife to the King's house to see 'The Virgin Martyr,' the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolved to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

February 27, 1667-8.

AFTER dinner to the King's house, and there saw part of 'The Discontented Colonell.'

March 5, 1667-8.

TO the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The English Monsieur' (sitting for privacy sake in an upper box): the play hath much mirth in it as to that particular humour. After the play done I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself:

and there saw the several players, men and women, go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is just now dead; and so who will succeed him in the mastership of the House is not yet known.

April 7, 1668.

I UP and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse, carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hacknies, that made it look, methought, as if it were the buriall of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys.

April 9, 1668.

CREED and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there coming late, up to the balcony-box, where we find my Lady Castlemaine and several great ladies; and there we sat with them, and I saw 'The Impertinents' once more, now three times, and the three only days it hath been acted. And to see the folly how the house do this day cry up the play more than yesterday! and I for that reason like it, I find, the better too. By Sir Positive At-all, I understand is meant Sir Robert Howard.

My Lady pretty well pleased with it: but here I sat close to her fine woman, Willson, who indeed is very handsome, but, they say, with child by the King. I asked, and she told me this was the first time her Lady had seen it, I having a mind to say something to her. One thing of familiarity I observed in my Lady Castlemaine: she called to one of her women, another that sat by this, for a little patch off of her face, and put it into her mouth, and wetted it and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there.

May 5, 1668.

TO the King's house; where going in for Knipp, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed off the stage, and look mighty fine and pretty, and noble: and also Nell in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty. But Lord! their confidence, and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off the stage, and how confident they are in their talk! Here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house.

May 7, 1668.

TO the King's playhouse, and there saw the best part of 'The Sea Voyage,' where Knipp did her part of sorrow very well.

May 16, 1668.

TO my Lord Bellasses, at his new house
by my late Lord Treasurer's; which
indeed is mighty noble, and good pictures,
indeed not one bad one in it. It being
almost twelve o'clock, or little more, to the
King's playhouse, where the doors were not
then open; but presently they did open;
and we in, and find many people already
come in by private ways into the pit, it
being the first day of Sir Charles Sedley's
new play so long expected, 'The Mulbery
Garden'; of whom, being so reputed a wit,
all the world do expect great matters. I
having sat here awhile and eat nothing to-
day, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my
place; and to the Rose Tavern, and there
got half a breast of mutton off of the spit,
and dined all alone. And so to the play
again; where the King and Queene by and
by come, and all the Court; and the house
infinitely full. But the play, when it come,
though there was here and there a pretty
saying, and that not very many neither, yet
the whole of the play had nothing extra-
ordinary in it all, neither of language nor
design; insomuch that the King I did not
see laugh nor pleased from the beginning to
the end, nor the company; insomuch that I
have not been less pleased at a new play in
my life, I think.

May 18, 1668.

TO the King's playhouse, and there saw 'Philaster'; where it is pretty to see how I could remember almost all along, ever since I was a boy, Arethusa, the part which I was to have acted at Sir Robert Cooke's; and it was very pleasant to me, but more to think what a ridiculous thing it would have been for me to have acted a beautiful woman.

May 30, 1668.

HERE comes Harris, and first told us how Betterton is come again upon the stage: whereupon my wife and company to the house to see 'Henry the Fifth'; while I to attend the Duke of York at the Committee of the Navy at the Council.

July 6, 1668.

TO the King's Playhouse to see an old play of Shirly's, called 'Hide Parke'; the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage: but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall.

July 11, 1668.

TO the King's house, to see the first day of Lacy's 'Monsieur Ragou,' now new acted. The King and Court all there, and mighty merry: a farce. The month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now

past all use almost; and I am mighty hot upon trying the late printed experiment of paper tubes.

July 31, 1668.

TO the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw 'The Guardian'; formerly the same, I find, that was called 'Cutter of Coleman-street'; a silly play.

August 5, 1668.

ABROAD with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Usurper': a pretty good play in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to White Hall.

December 2, 1668.

AT noon home to dinner, and then abroad again with my wife to the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw 'The Unfortunate Lovers': a mean play I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted. We sat under the boxes, and saw the fine ladies; among others, my Lady Kerneguy, who is most devilishly painted. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to

a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world ; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected ; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cosen Pepys in Salisbury Court.

December 3, 1668.

MY wife and I by Hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in the box above, and saw 'Catiline's Conspiracy,' yesterday being the first day : a play of much good sense and words to read, but that do appear the worst upon the stage, I mean the least diverting, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes ; and a fine scene of the Senate and of a fight as ever I saw in my life. We sat next to Betty Hall, that did belong to this house, a mighty pretty wench.

December 19, 1668.

TO the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw 'The Five Hours' Adventure,' which hath not been acted a good while before, but once, and is a most excellent play I must confess.

January 27, 1668-9.

TO dinner at noon, where I find Mr. Sheres ; and there made a short dinner, and carried him with us to the King's playhouse, where 'The Heyresse,'

notwithstanding Kinaston's being beaten, is acted: and they say the King is very angry with Sir Charles Sedley for his being beaten, but he do deny it. But his part is done by Beeston, who is fain to read it out of a book all the while, and thereby spoils the part, and almost the play, it being one of the best parts in it: and though the design is in the first conception of it pretty good, yet it is but an indifferent play; wrote, they say, by my Lord Newcastle. But it was pleasant to see Beeston come in with others, supposing it to be dark, and yet he is forced to read his part by the light of the candles: and this I observing to a gentleman that sat by me, he was mightily pleased therewith, and spread it up and down. But that that pleased me most in the play, is the first song that Knipp sings (she singing three or four); and indeed it was very finely sung, so as to make the whole house clap her.

February 2, 1668-9.

TO the King's playhouse, and there in an upper box (where come in Colonell Poynton and Doll Stacey, who is very fine, and by her wedding-ring I suppose he hath married her at last), did see 'The Moor of Venice': but ill acted in most parts, Moone (which did a little surprize me) not acting Iago's part by much so well as Clun used to do: nor another Hart's, which was Cassio's;

nor indeed Burt doing the Moor's so well as I once thought he did.

February 6, 1668-9.

TO the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Island Princesse,' which I like mighty well as an excellent play: and here we find Kinaston to be well enough to act again; which he do very well, after his beating by Sir Charles Sedley's appointment.

February 9, 1668-9.

TO the plaisterer's, and there saw the figure of my face taken from the mould; and it is most admirably like, and I will have another made before I take it away. At the 'Change I did at my book-seller's shop accidentally fall into talk with Sir Samuel Tuke about trees and Mr. Evelyn's garden; and I do find him, I think, a little conceited, but a man of very fine discourse as any I ever heard almost; which I was mighty glad of. In Suffolk-street lives Moll Davies; and we did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach. To White Hall; and there, by means of Mr. Cooling, did get into the play, the only one we have seen this winter: it was 'The Five Hours' Adventure': but I sat so far I could not hear well, nor was there any pretty woman that I did see but my wife, who sat in my Lady Fox's pew

with her. The house very full; and late before done, so that it was past eleven before we got home.

February 15, 1668-9.

IN the evening to White Hall, and there I did without much trouble get into the playhouse, finding a good place among the Ladies of Honour, and all of us sitting in the pit; and then by and by came the King and Queene, and they began 'Bartholomew-fair.' But I like no play here so well as at the common playhouse; besides that, my eyes being very ill since last Sunday and this day se'nnight, I was in mighty pain to defend myself now from the light of the candles. After the play done, we met with W. Batelier and W. Hewer and Talbot Pepys, and they followed us in a hackney-coach: and we all stopped at Hercules' Pillars; and there I did give them the best supper I could, and pretty merry; and so home between eleven and twelve at night.

February 22, 1668-9.

TO the Duke of York's house, and there before one, but the house infinite full; where by and by the King and Court come, it being a new play, or an old one new vamped by Shadwell, called 'The Royall Shepherdesse'; but the silliest for words and design, and every thing, that ever I saw in my whole life, there being nothing in the

world pleasing in it but a good martiall dance of pikemen, where Harris and another do handle their pikes in a dance to admiration ; but never less satisfied with a play in my life.

February 25, 1668-9.

TO the King's playhouse, and saw 'The Faithfull Shepherdesse.' But, Lord ! what an empty house, there not being, as I could tell the people, so many as to make up above £10 in the whole house ! But I plainly discern the musick is the better, by how much the house the emptier.

February 26, 1668-9.

TO the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw an old play, the first time acted these forty years, called 'The Lady's Tryall,' acted only by the young people of the house ; but the house very full.

March 3, 1668-9.

TO the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw 'The Impertinents,' a play which pleases me well still ; but it is with great trouble that I now see a play because of my eyes, the light of the candles making it very troublesome to me. After the play to Creed's.

April 14, 1669.



VI

NELL GWYNNE

‘Pretty, witty Nell.’ *English Monsieur. Humorous Lieutenant.* ‘A most pretty woman.’ Dryden’s *Maiden Queen. English Princess, or Richard III.* Nell dances in boy’s clothes. ‘Pretty Nelly.’ *Indian Emperor. Flora’s Figarys.* ‘Nell cursed.’ *The Surprisal. Mad Couple. Wildgoose Chase.* Sir Robert Howard. *Duke of Lerma. Island Princess.* ‘The jade Nell . . . a bold, merry slut.’

TO a play at the Duke’s, of my Lord Orrery’s, called ‘Mustapha,’ which being not good, made Beterton’s part and Ianthe’s but ordinary too. All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemaine were there; and pretty witty Nell, at the King’s house, and the younger Marshall sat next us; which pleased me mightily.

April 3, 1665.

TO the King's play-house, and there did see a good part of 'The English Monsieur,' which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but above all, little Nelly.

December 8, 1666.

TO the King's house, and there saw 'The Humerous Lieutenant': a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. Here in a box above we spied Mrs. Pierce; and going out they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is.

January 23, 1666-7.

AFTER dinner with my wife to the King's house to see 'The Mayden Queene,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit: and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play.

But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girle, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

March 2, 1666-7.

TO Devonshire House, to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring. To the Duke's playhouse, and saw 'The English Princesse, or Richard the Third'; a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good, but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Miss Davis did dance a jigg after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play, so that it eome in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows, coals at a very great price.

March 7, 1666-7.

TO the King's playhouse; and by and by comes Mr. Lowther and his wife and mine, and into a box forsooth, neither

of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of. Sir W. Pen and I in the pit, and here saw 'The Mayden Queene' again ; which indeed the more I see the more I like, and is an excellent play, and so done by Nell her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature.

March 25, 1666-7.

TO Westminster ; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them ; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one ; she seemed a mighty pretty creature.

May 1, 1667.

MR. PIERCE tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's house, and gives her £100 a-year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more.

July 13, 1667.

TO Epsum, by eight o'clock, to the well ; where much company. And to the towne to the King's Head ; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them : and keep a merry house. Poor girl ! I pity her ; but more the loss of her at the King's house.

July 14, 1667.

WITH my Lord Brouncker and his mistress to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Indian Emperour': where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of: but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperour's daughter which is a great and serious part, which she does most basely.

August 22, 1667.

SIR W. PEN and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall; who tells us that Nell is already left by Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart her great admirer now hates her; and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend also: but she is come to the playhouse, but is neglected by them all.

August 26, 1667.

TO the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her

part of 'Flora's Figarys,' which was acted to-day. But, Lord ! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them ; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk ! And how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange ; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

October 5, 1667.

MRS. PIERCE tells me that the two Marshalls at the King's house are Stephen Marshall's the great Presbyterian's daughters : and that Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. Nell answered her, 'I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel to fill strong water to the gentleman ; and you are a mistress to three or four, though a Presbyter's praying daughter !'

October 26, 1667.

WITH my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw 'The Surprizall'; which did not please me to-day, the actors not pleasing me; and especially Nell's acting of a serious part, which she spoils.

December 26, 1667.

TO the King's house, and there saw 'The Mad Couple'; which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart.

December 28, 1667.

[See also 'Plays and Players.']





VII

MUSIC

The Blind Beggar. The 'Arched Viall.' The Nature of Sounds. M. Grebus, Master of the King's Music. Organ at Westminster. 'A Recorder.' An Italian Company before Royalty.



Sir W. Rider's to dinner. A fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden: the greatest quantity of strawberrys I ever saw, and good. This very house was built by the blind beggar of Bednall Green, so much talked of and sang in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it.

June 26, 1663.

TO the Musique-meeting at the Post-office, where I was once before. And thither anon come all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company: and the new instrument was brought called the Arched Viall, where being tuned with lute-strings, and played on with kees like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings, which by the kees are pressed down upon it, are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment; and so it is intended to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow, but so basely and so harshly, that it will never do. But after three hours' stay it could not be fixed in tune: and so they were fain to go to some other musique of instruments.

October 5, 1664.

DISCOURSED with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musicall sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note that it answers to in musique, during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine.

August 8, 1666.

TO the Duke's house to a play. It was indifferently done. Gosnell not singing, but a new wench that sings naughtily.

December 26, 1666.

WITH my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique: and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista, who hath proposed a play in Italian for the Opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician; which is very much, and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to any body else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as it may be I should be if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say most excellent. I confess I was mightily pleased

with the musique. He pretends not to voice, though it be good, but not excellent. This done, T. Killigrew and I to talk: and he tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a-year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now wax-candles, and many of them; then not above 3 lbs. of tallow: now all things civil, no rudeness any where; then, as in a bear-garden: then two or three fiddlers, now nine or ten of the best: then nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing else mean; now all otherwise: then the Queene seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good musique; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time and in this to introduce good musique, but he never could do it, there never having been any musique here better than ballads. And says 'Hermitt poore' and 'Chiny Chese' was all the musique we had; and yet no

ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendome, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a-year a-piece to ; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Gundilows, he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it ; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorefields on purpose for it. And he tells me plainly that the City audience was as good as the Court ; but now they are most gone, Baptista tells me that Giacomo Charissimi is still alive at Rome, who was master to Vinnecotio, who is one of the Italians that the King hath here, and the chief composer of them. My great wonder is, how this man do to keep in memory so perfectly the musique of the whole act, both for the voice and the instrument too. I confess I do admire it : but in recitativo the sense much helps him, for there is but one proper way of discoursing and giving the accents. Having done our discourse, we all took coaches (my Lord's and T. Killigrew's) and to Mrs. Knipp's chamber, where this Italian is to teach her

to sing her part. And so we all thither, and there she did sing an Italian song or two very fine, while he played the bass upon a harpsicon there ; and exceedingly taken I am with her singing, and believe she will do miracles at that and acting.

February 12, 1666-7.

TO White Hall ; and there in the Boarded Gallery did hear the musick with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus, the Master of his Musick : both instrumental (I think twenty-four violins) and vocall : an English song upon Peace. But, God forgive me ! I never was so little pleased with a concert of music in my life. The manner of setting of words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices, makes me sick, the whole design of vocall musick being lost by it. Here was a great press of people ; but I did not see many pleased with it, only the instrumental musick he had brought by practice to play very just.

October 1, 1667.

TO White Hall ; and there got into the theatre room, and there heard both the vocall and instrumentall musick. Here was the King and Queene, and some of the ladies ; among whom none more jolly than my Lady

Buckingham, her Lord being once more a great man.

November 16, 1667.

MEETING Dr. Gibbons, he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abby, the Bishop of Rochester's; where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady, of whom the *Terræ Filius* of Oxford was once so merry; and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and black. Here I saw the organ; but it is too big for my house, and the fashion do not please me enough; and therefore I will not have it. To the Nursery, where none of us ever were before; where the house is better and the musique better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be: and I was not much mistaken, for it was so.

February 24, 1667-8.

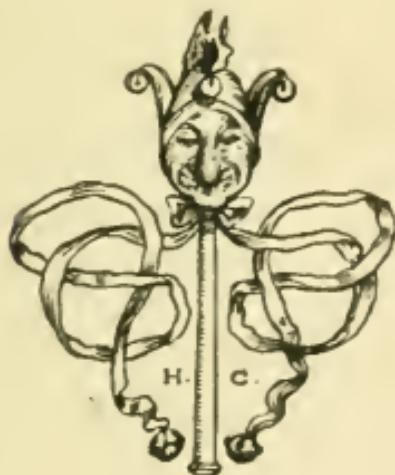
TO Drumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder, which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me.

April 8, 1668.

SO I to White Hall, and there all the evening on the Queene's side ; and it being a most summer-like day, and a fine warm evening, the Italians came in a barge under the leads before the Queene's drawing-room ; and so the Queene and ladies went out and heard them for almost an hour : and the singing was indeed very good together ; but yet there was but one voice that alone did appear considerable, and that was Signior Joanni.

September 28, 1668.

[*See also 'The Clergy and Religious Worship.'*]





VIII

BOOKS AND BOOKSELLERS

Buxtorf's *Hebrew Grammar*. Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Selden. Grotius. Butler's *Hudibras*. Dugdale's *History of Paul's*. Stow's *London*. Gesner. *History of Trent*. Shakespeare. Jonson. Beaumont. Fuller's *Worthies*. *Cabbala*. *Delices de Hollande*. Rushworth. *Iter Boreale*. Evelyn. Dryden. Nostradamus. *Booker's Almanack*. Pepys' Catalogue. Book-plates. Hobbs's *Leviathan*. Nott, bookbinder. *Life of Julius Cæsar*. Des Cartes' *Music*.



CALLED at Paul's Churchyard, where I bought Buxtorf's *Hebrew Grammar*; and read a declaration of the gentlemen of Northampton which came out this afternoon.

'January 25, 1659-60.

M R. CHETWIND fell commending of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, as the best book, and the only one that made him a Christian, which puts me upon the buying of it, which I will do shortly.

June 29, 1661.

T O White Hall, and there hear that my Lord General Monk continues very ill ; and then to walk in St. James's Park, and saw a great variety of fowle which I never saw before. At night fell to read in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which Mr. Moore did give me last Wednesday very handsomely bound ; and which I shall read with great pains and love for his sake.

August 18, 1661.

I AM now full of study about writing something about our making of strangers strike to us at sea ; and so am altogether reading Selden and Grotius, and such other authors to that purpose.

December 15, 1661.

U P early ; and after reading a little in Cicero, to my office.

June 18, 1662.

T O the Wardrobe. Hither come Mr. Battersby ; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in use, called *Hudebras*, I would needs go find it

out, and met with it at the Temple : cost me 2s. 6d. But when I come to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the warrs, that I am ashamed of it ; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d.

December 26, 1662.

AND so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit ; for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no.

February 6, 1662-3.

TO church, and so home to my wife ; and with her read *Iter Boreale*, a poem made first at the King's coming home ; but I never read it before, and now like it pretty well, but not so as it was cried up.

August 23, 1663.

TO Paul's Church Yard, and there looked upon the second part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried but twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty.

November 28, 1663.

TO St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in ; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's *History of Paul's*, Stow's *London*, Gesner, *History of Trent*, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's *Worthys*, the *Cabbala* or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure ; and *Hudibras*, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home, and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth ; and so home to supper and to bed.

December 10, 1663.

READ a book of Mr. Evelyn's translating and sending me as a present, about directions for gathering a Library ; but the book is above my reach, but his epistle to my Lord Chancellor is a very fine piece.

October 5, 1665.

I AM very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's, upon the present war ; a very good poem.

February 2, 1666-7.

TO Sir G. Carteret's to dinner . . . where very good company. Among other discourse, we talked much of Nostradamus, his prophecy of these times, and the burning of the City of London, some of whose verses are put into *Booker's Almanack*.

February 3, 1666-7.

HOME, and to my chamber, and there finished my Catalogue of my books with my own hand.

February 4, 1666-7.

TO my bookseller, Martin, and there did receive my book I expected of China, a most excellent book with rare cuts; and there fell into discourse with him about the burning of Paul's when the City was burned, his house being in the church-yard. And he tells me that it took fire first upon the end of a board that among others was laid upon the roof instead of lead, the lead being broke off, and thence down lower and lower: but that the burning of the goods under St. Fayth's arose from the goods taking fire in the church-yard, and so got into St. Fayth's church; and that they first took fire from the Draper's side, by some timber of the houses that were burned falling into the church. He says that one warehouse of books was saved under Paul's; and there were several dogs found burned among the

goods in the church-yard, and but one man, which was an old man, that said he would go and save a blanket which he had in the church, and being weak the fire overcame him. He says that most of the booksellers do design to fall a-building again the next year ; but that the Bishop of London do use them most basely, worse than any other landlords, and says he will be paid to this day the rent, or else he will not come to treat with them for the time to come ; and will not, on that condition either, promise them in any thing how he will use them ; and the Parliament sitting, he claims his privilege, and will not be cited before the Lord Chief Justice, as others are there to be forced to a fair dealing.

January 14, 1667-8.

WENT to my plate-maker's, and there spent an hour about contriving my little plates for my books of the King's four Yards.

July 21, 1668.

TO my bookseller's for Hobbs's *Leviathan*, which is now mightily called for : and what was heretofore sold for 8s. I now give 24s. at the second hand, and is sold for 30s., it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again.

September 3, 1668.

CHRISTMAS day. To dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat; while I by her making the boy read to me the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, and Des Cartes' *Book of Musick*.

December 25, 1668.

W. HEWER carried me to Notts, the famous bookbinder that bound for my Lord Chancellor's library: and here I did take occasion for curiosity to bespeak a book to be bound, only that I might have one of his binding.

March 12, 1668-9.





IX

THE CLERGY AND RELIGIOUS WORSHIP

Clergy and their Lands. Calamy. Drunkenness. 'A poor, dry sermon.' 'An indifferent sermon.' Conduct in Church. Bp. Hackett. 'Brave musique.' The King and the Lord's Supper. Presbyterian Ministers. Conduct of the Clergy. A Bishop's 'poor sermon.' Poverty of Clergymen. Captain Cooke and his Singing Boys. St. George's Chapel at Windsor. The King and the Clergy. A 'dull, old-fashioned' Anthem.

A Court I find that all things grow high. The old clergy talk as being sure of their lands again, and laugh at the Presbytery; and it is believed that the sales of the King's and the Bishops' lands will never be confirmed by Parliament, there being nothing now in any man's power to hinder them and the King from doing

what they had a mind, but everybody willing to submit to any thing.

May 21, 1660.

TO my Lord, and with him to White Hall Chapel, where Mr. Calamy preached, and made a good sermon upon these words, 'To whom much is given, of him much is required.' He was very officious with his three reverences to the King, as others do. After sermon a brave anthem of Captain Cooke's, which he himself sung, and ~~the~~ King was well pleased with it. My Lord ^{the} Chamberlin's, dined at my Lord ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{met 18, 1660.}

Aug...

IMET Mr. Crewe and dined with him, where there dined one Mr. Hickeman, an Oxford man, who spoke very much against the height of the now old clergy, for putting out many of the religious fellows of Colleges, and inveighing against them for their being drunk.

August 21, 1660.

IHEARD Dr. Spurstow preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captn. Cooke's afterwards.

October 7, 1660.

TO White Hall chappell, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which

made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princesse Royall since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit.

October 14, 1660.

BY water to White Hall, and there to chapel in my pew belonging to me as Clerke of the Privy Seale ; and there I heard a most excellent sermon of Dr. Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, upon these words: 'He that drinketh this water shall never thirst.' We had an excellent anthem, sung by Captn. Cooke and another, ^{brave} musique. And then the King and ^{and} offered, and took the sacra- come down a. ^a sight very well ment upon his knees ; ^{chapel again ;} worth seeing. After dinner to ^{them} off and there had another good and Captn. Cooke's.

May 18, 1662 (Whit Sunday).

I WENT to Paul's Church Yard to my bookseller's ; and there I hear that next Sunday will be the last of a great many Presbyterian ministers in towne, who, I hear, will give up all. I pray God the issue may be good, for the discontent is great. My mind well pleased with a letter that I found at home from Mr. Coventry, expressing his

satisfaction in a letter I writ last night, and sent him this morning, to be corrected by him in order to its sending down to all the Yards as a charge to them.

August 15, 1662.

THIS being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon; and walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open; and so I walked an hour in the Temple-garden. At eight o'clock I went, and crowded in at a back door among others, the church being half-full almost before any doors were open publicly; and so got into the gallery, beside the pulpit, and heard very well. His text was, 'Now the God of Peace—'; the last Hebrews, and the 20th verse: he making a very good sermon, and very little reflections in it to any thing of the times.

August 17, 1662.

TO the French Church at the Savoy, and there they have the Common Prayer Book read in French, and, which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our Church.

September 28, 1662.

PUBLICK matters in an ill condition of discontent against the height and vanity of the Court, and their bad payments: but that which troubles most, is the Clergy, which will never content the City, which is not to be reconciled to Bishopps: but more the pity that differences must still be.

November 30, 1662.

BY and by down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the Angels, 'Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men.' Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the common jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days. Particularized concerning their excess in playes and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds, serves but for a second rather in a duell, meaning the groome-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these publick days of joy, and to hospitality. But one that stood by whispered in my eare that the Bishop do not spend one groate to the poor himself. The sermon

done, a good anthem followed with vialls, and the King came down to receive the Sacrament.

Christmas Day, 1662.

M R. BLACKBURNE and I fell to talk of many things, wherein he was very open to me: first, in that of religion, he makes it greater matter of prudence for the King and Council to suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the loss of Hungary to the Turke from the Emperor's denying them this liberty of their religion. He says that many pious ministers of the word of God, some thousands of them, do now beg their bread: and told me how highly the present clergy carry themselves every where so as that they are hated and laughed at by every body; among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions almost that can be. And I am convinced in my judgement, not only from his discourse, but my thoughts in general, that the present clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England; they have been so used to liberty and freedom, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy. He did give me many stories of the affronts which the clergy receive in all places of England from the gentry and ordinary persons of the parish. He do tell me what the City thinks of

General Monk, as of a most perfidious man that hath betrayed every body, and the King also ; who, as he thinks, and his party, and so I have heard other good friends of the King say, it might have been better for the King to have had his hands a little bound for the present, than be forced to bring such a crew of poor people about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of every one of them. He told me that to his knowledge (being present at every meeting at the Treaty at the Isle of Wight), that the old King did confess himself over-ruled and convinced in his judgement against the Bishopps, and would have suffered and did agree to exclude the service out of the churches, nay, his own chapell ; and that he did always say, that this he did not by force, for that he would never abate one inch by any vvolence ; but what he did was out of his reason and judgement. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatiques, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better : and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of warr.

November 9, 1663.

AT chapel I had room in the Privy Seale pew with other gentlemen, and there heard Dr. Killigrew preach. The anthem

was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalme, made for five voices by one of Captn. Cooke's boys, a pretty boy. And they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musicall, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem.

November 22, 1663.

THENCE to Lord Sandwich's, where I find him within with Captain Cooke and his boys, Dr. Childe, Mr. Madge, and Mallard, playing and singing over my Lord's anthem which he hath made to sing in the King's Chapel: my Lord took me into the withdrawing room to hear it, and indeed it sounds very pretty, and is a good thing, I believe to be made by him, and they all commend it.

December 21, 1663.

CALLED up about five in the morning, and my Lord up, and took leave, a little after six, very kindly of me and the whole company. So took coach and to Windsor, to the Garter, and thither sent for Dr. Childe: who come to us, and carried us to St. George's Chapel, and there placed us among the Knight's stalls; (and pretty the observation, that no man, but a woman may sit in a Knight's place, where any brass-plates are set), and hither come cushions to

us, and a young singing-boy to bring us a copy of the anthem to be sung. And here, for our sakes, had this anthem and the great service sung extraordinary, only to entertain us. It is a noble place indeed, and a good Quire of voices. Great bowing by all the people, the poor Knights in particularly, to the Alter. After prayers, we to see the plate of the chapel, and the robes of Knights, and a man to show us the banners of the several Knights in being, which hang up over the stalls.

February 26, 1665-6.

WALKED into the Park to the Queen's chapel, and there heard a good deal of their mass, and some of their musique, which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it, it pleasing me very well; and, indeed, better than the anthem I heard afterwards at White Hall, at my coming back. I staid till the King went down to receive the Sacrament, and stood in his closet with a great many others, and there saw him receive it, which I did never see the manner of before.

April 15, 1666.

M R. HOLLIER dined with my wife and me. Much discourse about the bad state of the Church, and how the Clergy are come to be men of no worth in the world; and, as the world do now generally discourse,

they must be reformed: and I believe the Hierarchy will in a little time be shaken, whether they will or no; the King being offended with them and set upon it, as I hear.

February 16, 1667-8.

THEN to White Hall. . . . Thence to the chapel, it being St. Peter's day, and did hear an anthem of Silas Taylor's making; a dull, old-fashioned thing of six and seven parts, that nobody could understand: and the Duke of York, when he came out, told me that he was a better storekeeper than anthem-maker, and that was bad enough too.

June 29, 1668.

THE great talk of the towne is the strange election that the City of London made yesterday for Parliamentmen; viz. Fowke, Love, Jones, and . . ., men that, so far from being episcopall, are thought to be Anabaptists; and chosen with a great deal of zeale, in spite of the other party that thought themselves so strong, calling out in the Hall, 'No Bishops! no Lord Bishops!' It do make people to fear it may come to worse, by being an example to the country to do the same. And indeed the Bishops are so high, that very few do love them.

March 20, 1660-1.

THIS day, I hear, the Parliament have ordered a bill to be brought in for restoring the Bishops to the House of Lords ; which they had not done so soon but to spite Mr. Prin, who is every day so bitter against them in his discourse in the House.

May 30, 1661.

WEDNESDAY, a day kept between a fast and a feast, the Bishops not being ready enough to keep the fast for foule weather before fair weather come ; and so they were forced to keep it between both.

June 12, 1661.

COMING home to-night, I met with Will. Swan, who do talk as high for the Fanatiques as ever he did in his life ; and do pity my Lord Sandwich and me that we should be given up to the wickedness of the world ; and that a fall is coming upon us all ; for he finds that he and his company are the true spirit of the nation, and the greater part of the nation too, who will have liberty of conscience in spite of this ‘Act of Uniformity,’ or they will die ; and if they may not preach abroad, they will preach in their own houses. He told me that certainly Sir H. Vane must be gone to Heaven, for he died as much a martyr and saint as ever man did ; and that the King hath lost more

by that man's death, than he will get again a good while. At all which I know not what to think; but, I confess, I do think that the Bishops will never be able to carry it so high as they do. *June 22, 1662.*

THIS I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed. The King and his new Queene minding their pleasures at Hampton Court. All people discontented; some that the King do not gratify them enough; and the others, Fanatiques of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience; and the height of the Bishops, who I fear will ruin all again. They do much cry up the manner of Sir H. Vane's death, and he deserves it.

June 1662.

TO my Lord Crewe's, and dined with him and his brother, I know not his name. Where very good discourse. . . . By and by come in the great Mr. Swinfen, the Parliament-man, who, among other discourse of the rise and fall of familys, told us of Bishop Bridgeman (father of Sir Orlando) who lately hath bought a seat anciently of the Levers, and then the Ashtons; and so he hath in his great hall window (having repaired and beautified the house) caused four great places to be left for coates of armes. In one he hath put the Levers, with

this motto, 'Olim.' In another the Ashtons, with this, 'Heri.' In the next his own, with this, 'Hodie.' In the fourth nothing but this motto, 'Cras nescio cuius.' The towne I hear is full of discontents, and all know of the King's new bastard by Mrs. Hasle-rigge, and as far as I can hear will never be contented with Episcopacy, they are so cruelly set for Presbytery, and the Bishops carry themselves so high, that they are never likely to gain anything upon them.

November 12, 1662.

STANGE to hear how my Lord Ashley, by my Lord Bristol's means (he being brought over to the Catholique party against the Bishops, whom he hates to the death, and publicly rails against them; not that he is become a Catholique, but merely opposes the Bishops; and yet, for aught I hear, the Bishop of London keeps as great with the King as ever), is got into favour, so much that, being a man of great business and yet of pleasure, and drolling too, he, it is thought, will be made Lord Treasurer upon the death or removal of the good old man. . . . In Scotland, it seems, for all the newsbooks tell us every week that they are all so quiet, and every thing in the Church settled, the old woman like to have killed, the other day, the Bishop of Galloway, and not half the Churches of the whole kingdom conform.

May 15, 1663.

TO White Hall, and there to chapel; where it was most infinite to hear Dr. Critton. The Doctor preached upon the thirty-first of Jeremy, and the twenty-first and twenty-second verses, about a woman compassing a man; meaning the Virgin conceiving and bearing our Saviour. It was the worst sermon I ever heard him make, I must confess; and yet it was good, and in two places very bitter, advising the King to do as the Emperor Severus did, to hang up a Presbyter John (a short coat and a long gowne interchangeably) in all the Courts of England. But the story of Severus was pretty, that he hanged up forty senators before the Senate-house, and then made a speech presently to the Senate in praise of his own lenity; and then decreed that never any senator after that time should suffer in the same manner without consent of the Senate; which he compared to the proceeding of the Long Parliament against my Lord Strafford. He said the greatest part of the lay magistrates in England were Puritans, and would not do justice; and the Bishops' powers were so taken away and lessened, that they could not exercise the power they ought. He told the King and the ladies, plainly speaking of death and of the skulls and bones of dead men and women, how there is no difference; that nobody could tell that of the great Marius or Alexander

from a pyoneer; nor, for all the pains the ladies take with their faces, he that should look in a charnel-house could not distinguish which was Cleopatra's, or fair Rosamond's, or Jane Shore's.

March 25, 1663-4.

I FIND by him that the Bishops must certainly fall, and their hierarchy; these people have got so much ground upon the King and kingdom as is not to be got again from them: and the Bishops do well deserve it. But it is all the talk, I find, that Dr. Wilkins, my friend, Bishop of Chester, shall be removed to Winchester and be Lord Treasurer. Though this be foolish talk, yet I do gather that he is a mighty rising man, as being a Latitudinarian, and the Duke of Buckingham his great friend.

March 16, 1668-9.





X

AN HISTORIC FAIR

An old custom revived. Wrestling. Hunting. Shooting. A challenger. The play of 'Bartholomew Fayre.' A puppet-play. Stage play. Rope-dancing. An intelligent mare. A dancing mare.



HIS noon going to the Exchange, I met a fine fellow with trumpets before him in Leadenhall-street, and upon enquiry I find that he is the clerke of the City Market; and three or four men carried each of them an arrow of a pound weight in their hands. It seems this Lord Mayor begins again an old custome, that upon the three first days of Bartholomew Fayre, the first, there is a match of wrestling, which was done, and the Lord Mayor there and the Aldermen in Moorefields yesterday: second day, shooting: and tomorrow hunting. And this officer of course

is to perform this ceremony of riding through the city, I think to proclaim or challenge any to shoot. It seems the people of the faire cry out upon it as a great hindrance to them.

August 25, 1663.

TO the King's play-house, and there saw 'Bartholomew Fayre'; which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe.

August 2, 1664.

I TO Bartholomew fayre to walk up and down; and there among other things find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play ('Patient Grizell'), and the street full of people expecting her coming out.

August 30, 1667.

SO I out, and met my wife in a coach, and stopped her going thither to meet me; and took her and Mercer and Deb. to Bartholomew fair, and there did see a ridiculous, obscene little stage-play, called 'Marry Andrey'; a foolish thing, but seen by every body: and so to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes; a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed. *August 29, 1668.*

TO the fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money and many things to admiration.

September 1, 1668.

TO the fair to see the play 'Bartholomew-fair,' with puppets. And it is an excellent play ! the more I see it, the more I love the wit of it ; only the business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale and of no use, they being the people that at last will be found the wisest.

September 4, 1668.

WITH my Lord Brouncker (who was this day in unusual manner merry, I believe with drink), J. Minnes, and W. Pen to Bartholomew-fair ; and there saw the dancing mare again (which to-day I find to act much worse than the other day, she forgetting many things, which her master beat her for, and was mightily vexed), and then the dancing of the ropes, and also the little stage-play, which is very ridiculous.

September 7, 1668.





XI

CORONATION FESTIVITIES



BOUT four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with inuch ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chaire) and footstoole on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then

the Duke and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crowne too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Quire at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crowne being put upon his head, a great shout begun, and he come forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishopp; and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crowne) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Armes went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a Generall Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and meddalls flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the musique: and, indeed, it was lost to every body. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rayles,

and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth ; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies ; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade ; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King come in with his crowne on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables ; and that was also a brave sight : and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing ; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchin and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolke, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up (Dymock) the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his speare and

targett carried before him. And a herald proclaims 'That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him'; and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as every body else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the musique of all sorts, but above all, the 24 violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which

is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the City had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-streete, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I profered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple.

At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. Thus did the day end with joy every where; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Serjt. Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night in King-streete, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and showe, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

April 23, 1661.



XII

THE PLAGUE OF LONDON

TO the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town; and of remedies against it: some saying one thing, and some another.

May 24, 1665.

THE hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us,' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw.

June 7, 1665

HOME by hackney coach, which is become a very dangerous passage now-a-days, the sickness encreasing mightily.

June 23, 1665.

TO White Hall, where the Court full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267: which is about ninety more than the last: and of these but four in the City, which is a great blessing to us.

June 29, 1665.

ASOLEMN fast-day for the plague growing upon us.

July 12, 1665.

ABOVE 700 died of the plague this week.

July 13, 1665.

WALKED to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost everywhere. There dying 1089 of the plague this week. My Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me.

July 20, 1665.

AT home met the weekly Bill, where above 100 encreased in the Bill, and of them, in all about 1700 of the plague,

which hath made the officers this day resolve of sitting at Deptford, which puts me to some consideration what to do.

July 27, 1665.

IT was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for death or burials: I think five or six times.

July 30, 1665.

BY and by to the office, where we sat all the morning; in great trouble to see the Bill this week rise so high, to above 4000 in all, and of them above 3000 of the plague. Home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

August 10, 1665.

I COULD not get my waterman to go elsewhere for fear of the plague. Thence with a lanthorn, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God, met none, but did see now and then a linke (which is the mark of them) at a distance.

August 20, 1665.

UP; and after putting several things in order to my removal to Woolwich; the plague having a great encrease this week

beyond all expectation of almost 2000, making the general Bill 7000, odd 100 ; and the plague above 6000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the publick, through the greatness of the plague every where through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its encrease. In the City died this week 7496, and of them 6102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000 ; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the numbers, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them. . . . As to myself I am very well, only in fear of the plague.

August 31, 1665.

TO London, to pack up more things ; and there I saw fires burning in the streets, as it is through the whole City, by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's: all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon the Bankeside, one at the very heels of another: doubtless all of the plague ; and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them.

September 6, 1665.

TO the Tower, and there sent for the Weekly Bill, and find 8252 dead in all, and of them 6978 of the plague ; which is a most dreadful number, and shows reason to fear that the plague hath got that hold that it will yet continue among us.

September 7, 1665.

HERE I saw this week's Bill of Mortality, wherein, blessed be God ! there is above 1800 decrease, being the first considerable decrease we have had.

September 27, 1665.

I WALKED to the Tower ; but, Lord ! how empty the streets are and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores ; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, every body talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead ; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week : God send it ! *October 16, 1665.*

IN the street did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them. I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing. *October 29, 1665.*

THUS we end the month. The whole number of deaths being 1388, and of them of the plague 1031.

October 31, 1665.

THE plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400; making the whole this week but 1300 and odd: for which the Lord be praised!

November 15, 1665.

I WAS very glad to hear that the plague is come very low; that is, the whole under 1000, and the plague 600 and odd: and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost, and continues freezing.

November 22, 1665.

DELIGHTFUL it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full, compared with what it used to be. I mean the City end: for Covent-Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no Court nor gentry being there.

January 5, 1665-6.

MIGHTILY troubled at the news of the plague's being encreased, and was much the saddest news that the plague hath brought me from the beginning of it; be-

cause of the lateness of the year, and the fear, we may with reason have, of its continuing with us the next summer. The total being now 375, and the plague 158.

January 16, 1665-6.

IT is a remarkable thing how infinitely naked all that end of the town, Covent-Garden, is at this day of people ; while the City is almost as full again of people as ever it was.

January 19, 1665-6.

THIS is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

January 30, 1665-6.

MY wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon ; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home ; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was

a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid for going through.

February 4, 1665-6.

TO Westminster Hall, where the first day of the Terme and the hall very full of people, and much more than was expected, considering the plague that hath been.

February 9, 1665-6.

BLESSED be God! a good Bill this week we have; being but 237 in all, and 42 of the plague, and of them but six in the City: though my Lord Brouncker says, that these six are most of them in new parishes where they were not the last week.

March 1, 1665-6.





XIII

GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

SOME of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest, but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning

down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down with my heart full of trouble to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnes Church and most part of Fish-street already. . . . Every body endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings, and fell down. . . . At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am

spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses too so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. . . . And to see the churches all filling with goods by people, who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. . . . Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people, and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. . . . River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. . . . When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew

darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish-street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry and moonshine and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief

papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

September 2, 1666.

A BOUT four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's at Bednall-greene. Which I did, riding myself in my night gown, in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I, and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them (myself some) over Tower Hill, which was

by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither ; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Dock. . . . At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's, in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone ; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

September 3, 1666.

SIR W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there ; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it ; and I my parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. . . . Only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits ; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower-Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us ; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of

blowing up of houses in Tower-Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost.

September 4, 1666.

I LAY down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350. . . . Whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it was not burned. But going to the fire, I find by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke-lane end, as ours; it

having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw ; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it ; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. . . . The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moore-fields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coles), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves (and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day); drunk there, and paid two pence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside, and Newgate market, all burned ; and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire. And took up (which I keep by me) a picce of glass of Mercer's chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. . . . But it is a strange thing to see how

long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

September 5, 1666.

IT was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handsfull out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side of the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch; but to the Swan, and there was trimmed: and then to White Hall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the River looks: no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. . . . From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night

long there. But strange it is to see Cloth-workers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

September 6, 1666.

UP by five o'clock ; and, blessed be God ! find all well ; and by water to Pane's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's ; Paul's School also, Ludgate, and Fleet-street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed ; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. . . . I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed ; but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed, only my drawers on ; and did sleep pretty well : but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall ; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall

and Mile-end-greene, and several other places about the town ; and Tower-hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

September 7, 1666.

PEOPLE speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the City.

September 8, 1666.

ALL the morning clearing our cellars, and breaking in pieces all my old lumber, to make room, and to prevent fire. And then to Sir W. Batten's, and dined ; and there hear that Sir W. Rider says that the town is full of the report of the wealth that is in his house, and would be glad that his friends would provide for the safety of their goods there. This made me get a cart ; and thither, and there brought my money all away. Took a hackney-coach myself (the hackney-coaches now standing at Allgate). Much wealth indeed there is at his house. Blessed be God, I got all mine well thence, and lodged it in my office ; but vexed to have all the world see it.

September 10, 1666.

AFTER supper, I home, and with Mr. Hater, Gibson, and Tom alone, got all my chests and money into the further cellar

with much pains, but great content to me when done. So very late and weary to bed.

September 11, 1666.

UP, and down to Tower Wharfe ; and there, with Balty and labourers from Deptford, did get my goods housed well at home. So down to Deptford again to fetch the rest, and there eat a bit of dinner at the Globe, with the master of the Bezan with me, while the labourers went to dinner. So to Sir G. Carteret's to work, and there did to my content ship off in the Bezan all the rest of my goods, saving my pictures and fine things, that I will bring home in wherrys when the house is fit to receive them : and so home, and unload them by carts and hands before night, to my exceeding satisfaction : and so after supper to bed in my house, the first time I have lain there.

September 13, 1666.

UP, and to work, having carpenters come to help in setting up bedsteads and hangings ; and at that trade my people and I all the morning, till pressed by publick business to leave them against my will in the afternoon : and yet I was troubled in being at home, to see all my goods lie up and down the house in a bad condition, and strange workmen going to and fro might

take what they would almost. In my office, and people about me setting my papers to rights. And so home, having this day also got my wine out of the ground again, and set it in my cellar; but with great pain to keep the porters that carried it in from observing the money-chests there.

September 14, 1666.

CAPTAIN COCKE says he hath computed that the rents of the houses lost this fire in the City comes to £600,000 per annum.

September 15, 1666.

UP betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth: but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday and how fine to-day! By water, seeing the city all the way, a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in.

September 17, 1666.

I PERCEIVE many Londoners every day come. . . . By Mr. Dugdale I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Church-yard, and at their hall also, which they value at about £150,000; some booksellers being wholly undone, and among others they say my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlum, all his books and household stuff burned; they trusting to St. Fayth's, and the roof of the church falling, broke the arch down into the lower

church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father hath lost above £1000 in books; one book, newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts.

September 26, 1666.

UP, and to church, where I have not been a good while; and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers since the fire come into our parish.

September 30, 1666.

M R. KIRTON'S kinsman, my bookseller, come in my way; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone and made £2000 or £3000 worse than nothing, from being worth £7000 or £8000. That the goods laid in the churchyard fired through the windows those in St. Fayth's church; and those coming to the warehouses' doors fired them, and burned all the books and the pillars of the church, so as the roof falling down, broke quite down; which it did not do in the other places of the church, which is alike pillared (which I knew not before); but being not burned they stood still. He do believe there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone: not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall and under Christ Church and elsewhere, being all burned. A great

want thereof there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books ; and, among others, the Polyglottes and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth £40 a-piece.

October 5, 1666.

TO the office, where we sat the first day since the fire.

October 9, 1666.

FAST-DAY for the fire. . . . Thence with him to Westminster, to the parish church, where the Parliament-men ; and Stillingfleete in the pulpit. So full, no standing there ; so he and I to eat herrings at the Dog Tavern. And then to church again, and there was Mr. Frampton in the pulpit, whom they cry up so much, a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue.

October 10, 1666.

IHAD taken my Journall during the fire and the disorders following in loose papers until this very day, and could not get time to enter them in my book till January 18, in the morning, having made my eyes sore by frequent attempts this winter to do it. But now it is done ; for which I thank God, and pray never the like occasion may happen.

October 11, 1666.

MY Lord Brouncker did show me Hollar's new print of the City, with a pretty representation of that part which is burnt, very fine indeed.

November 22, 1666.

IT being frost and dry, as far as Paul's, and so back again through the City by Guildhall, observing the ruins thereabouts till I did truly lose myself.

December 24, 1666.



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